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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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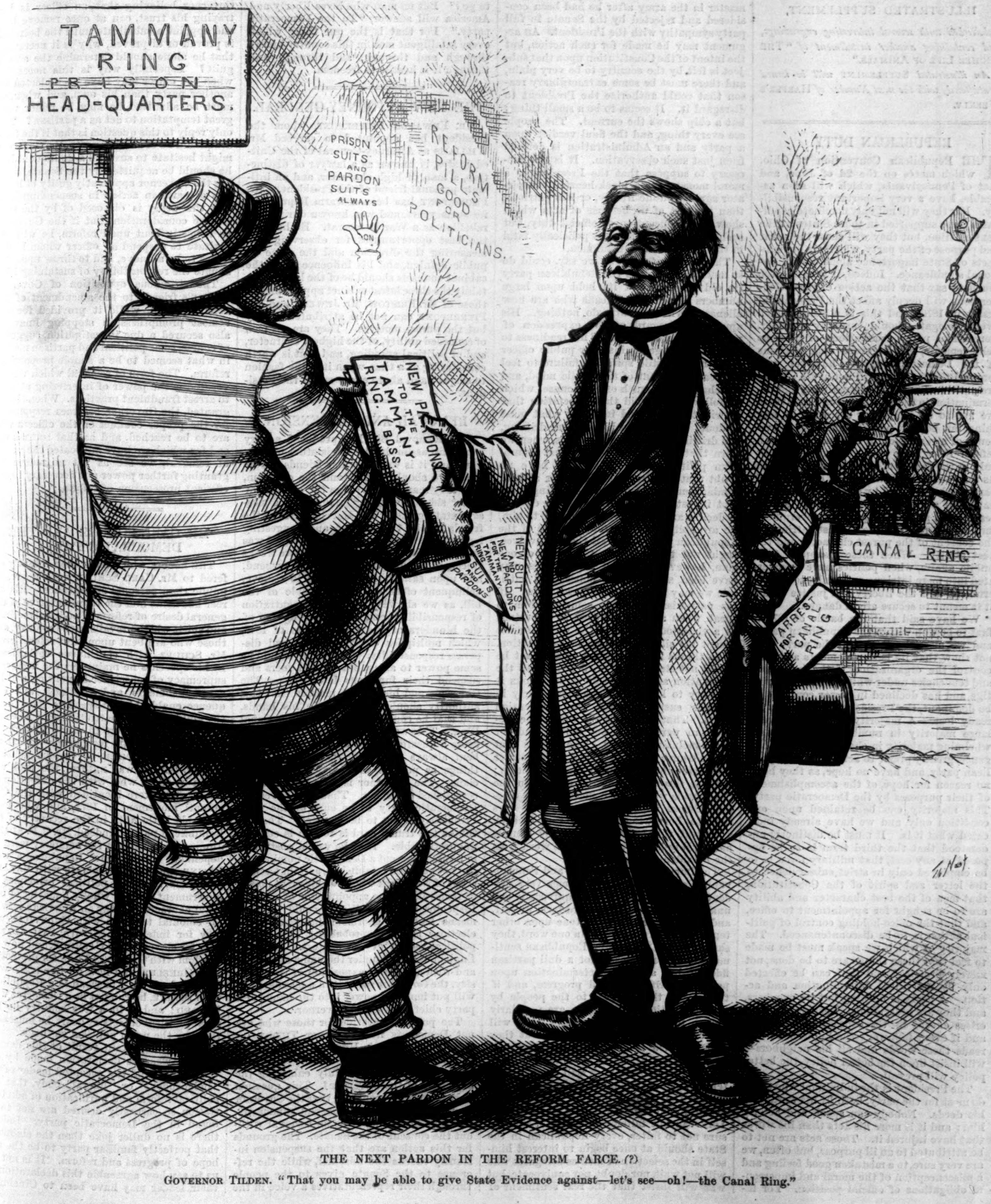
TAMMANY RING ~~PRISON~~ HEAD-QUARTERS.
PRISON SUITS AND PARDON SUITS ALWAYS ON
REFORM PILLS GOOD FOR POLITICIANS.
NEW PARDONS TO THE TAMMANY RING. (BOSS.
NEW SUITS AND NEW PARDONS FOR THE TAMMANY RING
SUITS AND PARDONS
CANAL RING
ARREST FOR CANAL RING
Th. Nast

THE NEXT PARDON IN THE REFORM FARCE. (?)

GOVERNOR TILDEN. "That you may be able to give State Evidence against—let's see—oh!—the Canal Ring."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 15, 1875.

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ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

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REPUBLICAN DUTY.

The Republican Convention of Ohio, which meets on the 2d of June, and that of Pennsylvania, which will soon assemble, have a very important responsibility. For they will not only nominate candidates to be supported in those States at the next election, but they will show the spirit and purpose of the party, which are not subjects of State importance alone, but of national significance. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the action of these Conventions will deeply affect the Presidential result in 1876; and this is a point which every delegate should carefully consider. Ceremonial party declarations of glorious achievements, and vigorous denunciations of the Democratic enemy, however well founded they may be, will not avail. There are positive discontents, impatience, and determination in the political world, and these are not to be allayed or set aside by any thing but equally positive and sincere evidence of a resolution of reform. We mean reform in a large and general sense, not only in the details of administration, but in its tone—reform shown by the character of party leadership, and by the hearty condemnation of a merely selfish control. A successful and prosperous popular government implies and requires the highest patriotism, the consent of the purest character and the best ability. When these disappear from public affairs, when politics have degenerated into mere intrigue and trade, good government and the liberty and justice which it is meant to secure are in danger.

We have said that the battle of 1876 is first to be won within the Republican party, and we mean by it that if the party does not show that its better elements and men control the organization, if the influences and tendencies under which it has lost prestige and has declined in power continue to be dominant, the Presidential election is already lost. A majority of voters, a very large majority in numbers, and an overwhelming majority in character and intelligence, greatly prefer to act with the Republican party, and have no hope, as they have no reason for hope, of the accomplishment of their purposes by the Democratic party. This majority can be retained upon one condition only, and we have already indicated what it is. It must be distinctly understood that the third term is to be opposed at any cost, that military force is to be employed only in strict subservience to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, that men of the best character and ability are to be sought for appointment to office, and that the office-holding control of political action is to be discountenanced. The majority of which we speak must be made to feel that these things are to be done, not merely promised, and that can be effected only by individual determination and action. A party is nothing but its members, and they are individuals. Leaders are powerless except by the consent of followers; and if every follower—the Republican who reads these words and all his neighbors—will insist upon the better policy, the better policy will prevail.

The President is the individual who could do most for the party, both by his words and his deeds. Nobody can speak and act for him; and it is more his acts than his words that have injured it. Those acts are not to be attributed to an ill purpose, but often, we are very sure, to a mistaken good feeling and a misconception of the moral and impersonal obligations of official position. For instance, what can be urged in defense of the appointment to high and honorable place of gentlemen whom their own districts had just rejected as Representatives? That the President may personally like them and believe them to be honest and able is not enough, unless they are of such standing and character, or the conditions of their political rejection are so peculiar, that the exceptional case is at once and universally recognized. Thus it was certainly no objection to the nomination of Mr. **Fish** to the Department of State that he could not have been elected to the Legislature of New York from his Assembly District, nor would it be a bar to the selection of Governor **Dix** for any conspicuous national post that he had been defeated as a candidate for re-election as Governor. There is an instinct which regulates official action in such cases as the appointment of partisans defeated at the polls, the absence of which is instantly felt by the country, and is seriously mischievous. Mr. **Maynadier** was lately appointed paymaster in the army after he had been considered and rejected by the Senate in full party sympathy with the President. An argument may be made for such action, but the intent of the Constitution upon that subject is felt by the country to be very plain, and there must be some extraordinary reason that could authorize the President to disregard it. It seems to be a small thing; but a chip shows the current. The people see every thing, and the final verdict upon a party and an Administration is derived from just such observation. It is not necessary to suppose that the President is a moral monster, or a black-hearted conspirator against public liberty, or less patriotic than the rest of us, because of acts which show a misconception of official duty, but such acts are none the less politically fatal in the minds of thoughtful men.

The President, who, as we say, could do so much to restore to the Republican party its old prestige and its hold upon large numbers of old Republicans who are now alienated, will evidently do nothing. His apparent disregard of the expression of public opinion as "clamor," his readiness to believe a charge against any public officer to be mere hostile spite, his failure to feel the real movement of the public mind, and the character of much of the counsel which he follows, all forbid the expectation that he will take the lead in doing what must be done. Waiting for him is mere drifting, and drifting on a lee shore. Thus, when we learn that although the shrewdest Republican politicians in Washington have no doubt that the President hopes for a third nomination, and would unhesitatingly accept it, yet that he thinks it time enough to decline an office when it is offered to him, we are obliged to feel that the fate of the Republican party, with all that it involves, ought not to be left to the whim of one man, however splended his services may have been, and however honest and patriotic we may believe his purposes to be. If his patriotism does not command him to speak when a word is a deed as important as a victorious battle in the war, we must accept his silence as a summons to action. If he thinks it his duty not to say that he would not stand for a third term until the Convention asks him to do so, he thinks it his duty to keep the Republican party in perilous suspense until the Convention meets. That is something which the Republican party must not permit, and for two conclusive reasons. The first is that such a course would more and more distract and divide the party until the Convention; and the second is that the contest in the Convention would make success at the election almost impossible. If any one says that it is borrowing trouble to suppose such a contest, the answer is that the contest has already begun, and that one word from the President would end it.

The importance of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Conventions thus becomes very evident. For if they declare unequivocally and unanimously against the third-term project, and speak in no uncertain tone upon other tendencies and events—if, in one word, they show that the controlling Republican sentiment in those States is not a dull partisan fidelity, but a hearty determination upon political purification and progress, and if they make their appeal to the people by the nomination of men who are popularly known to represent that policy, they will not only secure victory at home, but they will organize it elsewhere, for they will compel other States to do likewise. The Convention of New York will meet in September, and if Ohio and Pennsylvania have spoken the words which all good citizens of the Republican faith long to hear, New York can not falter. And that it may be sure not to falter, every Republican in the State should at once begin to interest himself in the selection of men as delegates who will not wait, nor doubt, nor equivocate, but who will insist that the real sentiment of the party shall be expressed in the simplest and most unmistakable manner.

When once the party has every where declared that it will not tolerate a third-term candidacy, and has pronounced for the reform which is desired, nothing will remain for 1876 but to consider what man of Republican sympathies and training most satisfactorily represents the movement. Meanwhile no Republican should assume that the office-holding or mere personal interest must necessarily control the organization. Let him do what he can to prevent it, not by vaporing and lamenting, but by making the condition of his vote for the Republican candidate well understood. Let him not forget that the party is his servant, not his master. When his effort has clearly failed, if in Ohio or in Pennsylvania the Convention should be dumb, or mumble only the glories of the past, or applaud present faults and follies because they are not greater, then the Republican may well ask himself **Webster**'s famous question, "Where am I to go?" But no man who loves liberty and America will answer, "To the Democratic party." For that is the one thing which every intelligent man in this country knows through and through, and through and through it is hostile to freedom.

THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Mr. **Edwards Pierrepont**, whom the President has appointed to succeed Mr. **Williams** as Attorney-General of the United States, is known as a lawyer of distinction, a man of high character, and an intimate personal friend of the President. Mr. **Pierrepont** has been a warm Republican for some years, and was known during the rebellion as a War Democrat. He has had the best opportunities for observing and measuring the direction and the force of public opinion, and his influence upon the cabinet counsels should be of the best. Certainly the three latest cabinet appointments, those of Mr. **Bristow**, Mr. **Jewell**, and Mr. **Pierrepont**, can not be attributed to any but the purest motives. They are all men of conceded ability, of the highest character, and of political standing, and that is worth considering at a time when it is the fashion to suspect and abuse every act of the President.

REMOVAL AND SUSPENSION.

The Removal Bill has produced a very warm discussion in the Legislature of New York, and it is well that our friends out of the State should understand the question, that they may not misjudge the conduct of either side. Governor **Tilden** sent a message stating the extent and character of the frauds of the Canal Ring, and suggesting legislation. Among the acts introduced was one of which we spoke favorably two weeks since, authorizing the Governor to suspend, and upon satisfactory evidence to remove, delinquent officers. The principle of the bill, as we showed, was the concentration of responsibility, and so far a correction of the blunders of the Constitution of 1846, which multiplies elective offices and disperses responsibility. That there should be some power to arrest official evil-doers and suspend their functions is evident. The Governor and his friends insisted that this authority should be lodged in his hands, and that he could then cope with the Canal Ring. This was all plain sailing; but now arose a question. While all good men are bent always upon reform, there are such things as politics and parties and politicians. The Governor is an adroit and accomplished politician. That he believes the Democratic party to be sure of the next Presidency is not to be doubted. That he thinks the trump card is reform is equally unquestionable. That he would obstinately refuse to accept a Democratic nomination has not yet been established, and that a Governor of New York who had this great power of removal and the appointment of a Chief Inspector of Public Works could by that means have an enormous influence upon elections is not improbable. This is the political aspect of the contest. In plain English, it is that under the name of reform, and with a truthful exposition of its necessity, the Governor seeks it in a manner that will put immense power into the hands of a party chief who is also Governor.

The political question for those who are not Democrats like Governor **Tilden** instantly becomes this, How can this power of summary removal, indispensable to reform, be secured without unduly enlarging the authority of the Governor? This question they answer by proposing that the Governor should have power to suspend summarily, but that there should be no removal without the consent of the Senate. The grounds for this action are that the suspension instantly checks the mischief, while the reference to the Senate gives to the people through their representatives a voice in the removal of the officers whom they have elected. The amendment to this effect was introduced in the Senate, and substantially it seems to cover the ground. For the vital point is to stop misconduct at once, and this is secured by the suspension. Then, if the officer is proved to the Senate to be guilty, removal follows. This is not the slow process of impeachment, and vests the practical responsibility in the Governor. It was so argued and urged with vehemence and resolution by the Republicans in the Senate, and the bill thus amended was passed. But it was resolutely opposed by the friends of the Governor and of the absolute removal, and in the House the Democratic majority refused to concur. That is, the Governor's friends insisted that he should not only have power to arrest evil-doing by summary suspension of the officer, but that he should have an absolute power of removal.

Now it is a sound principle in government to grant no more power than is amply necessary to secure the end proposed. If the Governor, believing that an officer is betraying his trust, can at once remove him and appoint a substitute until the betrayal is proved or disproved, why is it necessary that he alone should determine the actual guilt? Especially why is this necessary when the officer may have been elected by another party than his own, and when, as must be admitted, he may be under very great temptation to act as a partisan? The only reply to this question is that if the Senate should be of another party, the Governor might hesitate to suspend a delinquent lest he should be acquitted by the Senate, leaving the Governor apparently guilty of heedless or partisan action in suspending him. But this reply is disposed of by the conclusive consideration that if the Governor be honestly bent upon reform, he will not hesitate to suspend an officer whom he believes to be a knave, and to throw upon the Senate the responsibility of sustaining him.

The strenuous opposition of Governor **Tilden**'s friends to the amendment of the Senate, which, while it provided for the utmost promptness in stopping knavery, also secured a due investigation, suggests, of course, some political and partisan motive in what seemed to be a simple proposal of reform. The form of removal which we advocated is the power of interfering at once to arrest fraudulent practices. When that is granted, the Governor becomes responsible for the proper conduct of the officers who are to be reached, and as that secures the end for which we have advocated the power of removal, we see as yet no reason for granting further power not necessary to the efficient prosecution of reform.

MR. CARL SCHURZ AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The honors which have been recently offered to Mr. **Carl Schurz** have a greater public than personal significance. His career has made him the representative of the general desire of reform in political methods and spirit which prevails in the country, and those who are bent upon that reform greet Mr. **Schurz** with continuous enthusiasm. In his speeches he maintains the necessary supremacy of conscience in politics, and his accomplishments and readiness and eloquence enable him to speak to the sympathy and hope of all patriotic men. The first of the recent dinners given to him on the eve of his departure for Europe was an assembly of gentlemen of various political parties, but, as was natural, the lead was taken by those who, with the exception of Mr. **Evarts**, were identified with the Cincinnati movement of 1872, and who have probably little faith in the recovery of the Republican party. Indeed, Mr. C. F. **Adams**, Jun., announced that the company were independent voters, now Republicans with **Blaine**, and now Democrats with **Bayard**. Are there, then, no political principles in government? Is it wholly a matter of personal character? May an American now be for colonial taxation with **Grenville**, and now for independence with **Sam Adams**? now for slavery with **Calhoun**, and now for freedom with **Garrison**? now for protection with **Greeley**, and now for free trade with **Bryant**? If an American is a Republican with **Blaine**, he can not be a Democrat with **Bayard**; and if in a free country he has great political objects at heart, he must seek them by the usual political methods.

But the important result of this demonstration was the declaration made by Mr. **Schurz** himself, the accepted leader of the "independent" or "liberal" body, that the political reform and purification of administration so earnestly desired are not to be found in the Democratic party. Indeed, there is no duller joke than the claims of that perfectly familiar party to be the sole hope of progress and reform. It is not for us to say how agreeable this declaration of their leader may have been to Cincinnati men of '72, like Mr. D. A. Wells and Mr. Lafayette S. Foster, who have gone over to the Democrats, or to Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan, Mr. J. J. Cisco, and the other Tammany Hall and Manhattan Club Democrats who are named among the conspicuous guests at the dinner. But however agreeable it may have been, it is strictly true. Mr. Schurz himself has proved it by his own experience. If there was a distinctive "reformer" in the Senate, it was he. He also maintained upon many questions the side taken by Democratic Senators, and with infinitely more force than all of them, because of his independent position. But when the "Reform Democracy" came to choose his successor, it did not offer Mr. Schurz even a complimentary vote, but elected a man wholly unknown, except for the fact that he led troops to overthrow the government and secure slavery. While the "Reform Democracy" could use Mr. Schurz to divide Republicans and alienate the German vote, it flattered him as a great statesman. When it saw that he was patriotic, not partisan, that he meant reform as a fact, not as an election "gag," it derided him as impracticable and foolish.

The same Democracy three or four years ago was equally overcome with admiration of Mr. Charles Francis Adams as a great statesman. But Mr. Adams came to New York, and in his eulogy upon Mr. Seward described the Democratic party as a conspiracy against human rights, which little piece of truth-telling has lost him Democratic countenance, except when it is hoped that he may be used to hurt Republicans. So also with Mr. Sumner. The contempt lavished upon him by the Democratic press, the scorn with which the ridiculous gnats of that party sought to sting him during all the great and humane labor of his life, suddenly ceased in 1872, when it was supposed that praise of him would promote Democratic success. But when he died the "Reform Democracy" instinctively returned to its vomit of ribald insult. Mr. Schurz, of course, has the same experience. He has told a few truths of the party which those who really suppose that any real reform is to be expected from it may well ponder. In his speech at the American dinner he said:

> "The question has been asked why we did not go over to the Democrats. I shall answer for myself with entire candor, and without the least intention to be offensive to any body. I did not go over to the Democrats for reasons similar to those which separated us from the interests controlling the Republican organization—the reason that many of the necessary reforms I spoke of seemed at the hands of the Democrats to have just as little chance of accomplishment; that in many of the States where they had obtained control their performances contrasted strikingly with their professions; and also because it was to be feared that a distinct, unalloyed Democratic victory would, even against the desire of the best of their leaders, unchain an overbearing partisan spirit, apt to encourage something of the composing elements of the party to venture upon attempts partially to disturb existing settlements—attempts which would, indeed, certainly be fruitless, but calculated to lead to confusion and provoke rebounds tending to bring forth a still more dangerous centralization of power."

And at the German dinner, on the next evening, he said, with the faith in America and want of faith in the "Reform Democracy" which show his great good sense:

> "Corruption is the greatest evil which can afflict a free people. There are pessimists who look at the surface of our national affairs, and say that corruption is every where supreme. He who knows the American people knows, however, that they are sound at the core. They are also strong enough to battle all their evils. The people who could stand Pierce's and Buchanan's administration, who could withstand the rebellion, could also bear up under the burden of eight years of Grant's administration."

Mr. Schurz has undoubtedly changed the opinion which he held in 1871, and which probably determined in some degree his subsequent action, that the Democratic party is extinct. He has discovered that it is not only alive, but unchanged, and in full sympathy with the tendencies and purposes which are most fatal to popular liberty and Republican progress. If he had cherished any lingering doubts upon the subject, Mr. Murat Halstead's humorous tale of the character and consequences of Democratic ascendency in Ohio must have effectually disposed of them. "I am afraid," says Mr. Halstead, "we have gone about as far in putting the Democratic party into power in the State of Ohio as is strictly necessary as a reformatory measure." In these few words he exactly describes the situation. The elections of last autumn put the Democratic party in power in many quarters. Has that success had any other result than that which is indicated by Mr. Halstead and Mr. Schurz, namely, that hope of reform does not lie in that direction? The two banquets to Mr. Schurz, the American and the German, represent a sentiment and support that naturally belong to the Republican party, and that gravitate toward it even now. Shall that support be rejected, sure as the rejection would be to destroy the party and elect a Democrat? Or shall 1876 find all who naturally prefer the Republican spirit and tendency and aim once more heartily united in a Republican triumph? That is a question not for Republican leaders, but for the mass of Republicans who lead the leaders.

THE LATE JOHN HARPER.

A special meeting of the Book Trade Association, attended by representatives of leading houses in New York and other cities, was held in this city on April 24 to take action on the death of Mr. John Harper. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Alfred C. Barnes, and after a few remarks by the chairman on the life and character of the deceased, the following resolutions, prepared by Messrs. Edward Seymour, A. D. F. Randolph, and M. M. Hurd, who had been appointed a committee for this purpose, were presented:

Resolved, That we have received the announcement of the death of John Harper with the most profound sorrow.

Resolved, That in him our trade mourns its oldest as well as one of its most respected and honored members, and the business community in general a representative man—one whose long and distinguished career has identified his name with the history of our city, and done much to establish and maintain its reputation as the literary centre of our country. The record of diligence, industry, steadfast perseverance, thrift, and economy which marked his earlier years remains for the imitation of those who are entering upon business life. The determination with which he met and triumphed over almost overwhelming disaster stands as an encouragement to any who may be struggling with adversity. His unswerving love of country has our praise. We recognize the skill and foresight which he displayed in the prosecution of the large business in the control of which he took such a prominent part for so long a series of years. We should emulate his untiring energy and imitate the strict honor which marked his transactions, while his unfailing kindness of heart has our grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That we close our respective places of business during the hour of the funeral, and that we attend the services in a body.

Resolved, That we extend to the business associates and to the family of the deceased our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement, and that the secretary be instructed to send them copies of these resolutions.

In presenting these resolutions Mr. Randolph paid a graceful and touching tribute to the memory of Mr. Harper. He said:

"It is eminently fit that we should come together to-day to express as best we can our sense of the loss we have suffered in the death of one who for more than half a century has held a pre-eminent place in the calling we pursue. There is no calling more honorable or more important, and few have done so much to develop and advance it as the one who has just gone from among us.

"I have sometimes thought that in the enrollment of the great men of the world, those who have won conspicuous place as educators in art, in science, in literature, or affairs, there is not unfrequently a partial judgment shown, an actual injustice done, not by the placing of certain honored names on the record, but by the omission of others that have an equal claim to be represented there. There is a subtle power known as genius in art and science and literature and affairs, but does it not also exist, and is it not often shown, in enterprise, sagacity, construction, and is it not equally meritorious and as worthy of being recognized and honored?

"Take the life of our venerable friend whom we would honor to-day. For more than fifty years he labored with singular industry, with signal ability, with distinguished success. If, as one has said, genius is capacity for labor, he possessed it in a marked degree. Go back to those early days when he pulled the press with his own arm, until those closing years of his life when the name which he bore had become as familiar as a household word. Even the humblest of us know what is required in such a calling as ours for its successful prosecution. What, then, must have been the capacity to meet the incessant demands made upon him? Yet there was no emergency for which he was not ready, no burden he was not able to bear. To discern, to comprehend, to meet, the ever-changing public want and public taste, to create, guide, or control it, while standing between the author and the mighty multitude of readers—does not such a position require the gift of genius? It is the Thermopylæ Pass of literature, and he who can successfully hold it and win the victory is as deserving of the laurel as soldier or civilian, as artist or poet.

"Our friend lived to see results in his calling that he little dreamed of in that upper room in Dover Street. Beneath his tread the few square feet broadened into majestic acres. He saw the city of his adoption and its population of little more than a hundred thousand become the dwelling-place of a million of people; he saw his single printing-press merged into the great establishment of Franklin Square, and the catalogue of 1820, with its half a dozen titles, utterly lost in one as large, if not larger, than that of any other publishing house in the world. And through all the years of his life, in all the changes as in all the struggles, he maintained his brave integrity, his Christian name, his simplicity of life and character, while he unconsciously won a world-wide fame, and reaped the substantial fruit of his toil.

"And then came the period of repose, the quiet of old age. The great house, the foundations of which he had helped to lay, was, so far as his labor could do it, completed. The burden and heat of the day were over. And to me there is something beautiful even in his enforced repose. He had endured the trials and overcome the difficulties of life, and now the even-tide had come. And so he calmly rested for a while in the twilight, waiting for the deepening shadow of that night through which he was to pass into another city, whose builder and maker is God.

"To-day, in the presence of this Providence, the eager ambitions, the petty jealousies, the sharp competitions, of our calling are forgotten. We meet not as rivals, but as brethren—not to provoke asperities, but to prove our brotherhood in paying honors to *our* dead. Other dead we have whose memories come back to us now. With the recollections of the Brothers' Harper are associated those of Leavitt and Appleton and Putnam and Scribner. As we remember and honor them anew, shall not their memory bring us nearer to each other, and serve to make our brotherhood more generous and complete?"

Mr. Sheldon also expressed his concurrence in the object of the meeting, and alluded to the character and career of Mr. Harper as a model for young men to follow. Mr. Harper had ingrafted Christianity into his house, and had always associated its practice in all his dealings. He was glad that they had come together to do honor to such a man, and expressed a hope that the action taken would be effectual in strengthening the unity between the representatives of the trade. The resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

PERSONAL.

The appointment of Judge Pierrepont to the Attorney-Generalship of the United States marks the culminating point in the career of three gentlemen who now pass into the history of the country. Morrison R. Waite, William M. Evarts, and Edwards Pierrepont thirty-five years ago were classmates in Yale College. The former is now Chief Justice of the United States; the second has been its Attorney-General, was its counsel at the greatest international conference known in the history of nations, and is now the foremost lawyer of the country; the third of the trio succeeds to the Attorney-Generalship of the government, thus consummating the highest aspirations that youthful ambition could have imagined or aspired to.

—Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, made himself one of the most conspicuous and successful of the speakers at the banquet given on the 27th ult., at Delmonico's, to Mr. Carl Schurz. His remarks bristled with wit and point. He said: "I live on the banks of the Ohio, or rather on the northern bank of the Ohio, for I believe it is a fact that no single citizen is able to live on both banks of the river at once, even if it happens to be 1000 miles of navigable water. You may have heard of the city of Cincinnati. *I think it has more politics to the square inch* than is to be found in any other community. A reference was made this evening to the supposed failure of the Cincinnati Convention, which occurred about three years ago. I thought it was a failure myself. It was not long before I knew it was. But referring, as the toast does, to the many children who may be furnished to the nation's councils, I thought that one thing that was the matter—if I may be allowed to touch upon that chapter of history—was the excessive amount of talent that we contributed to that Convention [laughter], and that we devoted rather too much time to the *literature* of the proceedings, instead of knowing that the most important plank of the platform was that principle of character—a candidate that commands the confidence of the conservative elements of the country. We have all preached reform, and the result has been that in the election held a few weeks ago every town in the State of over 2500 inhabitants, with a single exception, was largely carried by the Democratic party. [Laughter.] And if I may be allowed, I will say that I am afraid we have gone about as far in putting the Democratic party into power in the State of Ohio as is strictly necessary as a reformatory measure. [Laughter.] I don't see how we can do any thing more in that way, and great as the reformation has been, some of us still are dissatisfied." (Applause.) And much more, quite as good, which we have not space to copy.

—The Mayor has appointed Mr. William Wood to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education occasioned by the death of Mr. James W. Farr. Mr. Wood was a member of the Board from 1869 to 1873, and is well known by the teachers and others interested in the cause of public education, to whom this appointment will undoubtedly give great satisfaction. He is a highly educated gentleman, of the strictest integrity of character, and an eloquent and accomplished speaker and debater.

—The New York *Tribune*, with that literary discernment for which it is conspicuous, says: "Mr. Charles Nordhoff seems to have made a decided hit in his *Politics for Young Americans*, published a few months ago by the Harpers. It has already passed through two large editions, and has also been received with marked favor abroad, where, especially in England, a manual of this kind was much needed to enlighten even the more cultivated classes in regard to the character and practical working of our republican institutions. The London *Saturday Review* commends it highly as 'a useful and instructive book,' and says that a skillful teacher might make it 'the text-book of a very useful course.' It has already been adopted as a text-book in several of our leading high schools and academies, and a school edition is in preparation to adapt it more especially to this purpose."

—Mr. Bancroft, the historian, expresses the opinion that the Western Reserve of Ohio contains a more intelligent population than any other territory of the same extent any where in the world.

—Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, has in his possession the silver inkstand which supplied with ink the pens of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Efforts are making to procure its return to its original position in Independence Hall.

—Henry Seybert, of Philadelphia, has offered to place a bell and clock worth $20,000 in Independence Hall in commemoration of the Declaration of Independence, the bell to be rung upon the Fourth of July, 1876, as a herald of the festivities. A condition of the gift requires that the names of Mr. Seybert's immediate family be inscribed upon the bell, which has just been accepted by the Philadelphia City Council.

—The two largest individual tax-payers in New Haven, Connecticut, are Joseph E. Sheffield, founder of the Yale Scientific School, who is assessed for $564,000, and ex-Governor James E. English, who is assessed for $444,000. What they are *not* assessed for constitutes quite another part of their fortune.

—Senator Booth, of California, the most cultivated man, perhaps, of the very Western Senators, delivered recently at Terre Haute, Indiana, a lecture on Charles James Fox, and in the course of it, while speaking of the decline of Parliamentary and Congressional oratory, said: "Another reason is that the public opinion was formed by the debates of Parliament and Congress; now Legislative action is guided by public opinion, and the journalist has acquired the influence and consequence which the orator has lost." The Senator might have added that the day for uncultivated editorial writers is past. Men competent to write "leaders" on the leading topics of the time command high salaries—some as high as $10,000 per annum. Two in this city are paid a still larger sum, while the number who receive from $3000 to $6000 is quite large and increasing.

—It is known among newspaper folk in London that the Queen not infrequently sends to the London *Times* paragraphs which are prompted by her own feelings. Thus, on the death of Sir Arthur Helps, the Clerk of the Privy Council, the following, from her Majesty, appeared immediately after the political editorials of the day: "By the death of Sir Arthur Helps the Queen has sustained a loss which has caused her Majesty great affliction. As a loyal subject, as a kind friend, he rendered her Majesty very important service. He assisted with a delicacy of feeling and an amount of sympathy which her Majesty can never forget in the publication of her records of the Prince Consort's speeches, and of her *Life in the Highlands*, to which he willingly devoted the powers of his enlightened and accomplished mind. The Queen feels that in him she has lost a true and devoted friend."

—The London *Times* says that great *fêtes* are to be held at Rouen in June to celebrate the centenary of Boieldieu, the composer. A statue of him will be unveiled, and the programme, which extends over several days, comprises a *cantata* by Ambroise Thomas, a grand banquet, a gala at the theatre, a historical procession, fireworks, and such.

—Señor Castelar has accepted from the present Spanish government an ex-minister's pension of $1500 a year. The resignation of his chair at the Madrid University is attributed to the fact that, although he drew the professorial stipend, he did not give the lectures himself, but had them given by a deputy.

—Rev. Dr. Asher Wright, for many years a missionary among the Seneca Indians near Buffalo, died recently, and at his funeral six of the Seneca tribe officiated as pall-bearers, and as the coffin was borne up the aisle of the mission church they sang a low chant in the Seneca tongue.

—Mrs. Bayard Taylor is translating her husband's history of Germany into the German language.

—General Edward Sabine, of England, recently elected corresponding member for the class of Geography and Navigation of the French Academy, is in his eighty-seventh year. In the war of 1812 he commanded the British batteries at Fort Erie, and has been as well known in scientific as in military affairs for many years.

—Mr. James Lenox, of this city, who is noted not more for wealth and liberality than for the persistency with which he maintains the privacy of his home against visitors, interviewers, picture-viewers, and bores of high degree, possesses among the treasures of his library the original "Washington's Farewell Address." This document was left by its author in the hands of the printer at Philadelphia. When the family effects were sold, which occurred half a century afterward, this address was included, and there was great competition for its ownership. It was supposed to be worth $500, but a mysterious bidder continually distanced the Philadelphia antiquaries. It reached $1000 and then $1500. The Philadelphians desired to retain it, and still kept bidding, until the price reached $2000. It was then found that an agent for James Lenox had bought it. The document is bound in morocco, and is in good preservation. Among other rare works is a copy of the original *Pilgrim's Progress*, also some antique Bibles of great value. One of these is the Bible translated by John Eliot into the Indian tongue, which was the first book printed in America. Catalogues of all sales of rare books are sent to Mr. Lenox, and if he desires any, his agent buys them. But this is done secretly, and no one knows, when a volume is knocked down to "Smith," or "Jones," or any other man, that it is destined for this collection of curiosities. The catalogue of the Lenox Library would in itself be a curiosity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The skeletons of the gigantic birds illustrated on page 397 have been placed in the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, where they are now on exhibition.

A large part of the town of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, was destroyed by fire April 28. Five hundred buildings were burned, including all the hotels with the exception of one, three newspaper offices, the opera-house, the Universalist church, several mills, and most of the principal business houses. The total loss is estimated at $2,500,000. This is the third great fire that has visited Oshkosh—one in May, 1859, and the other in July, 1874.

The bill providing for an examination of the lateral canals and a report on them by the Canal Board passed the New York State Senate April 29.

During a terrific gale on Lake Michigan, April 29, three fishing boats were lost, with their crews of eleven men.

Judges Brooks and Dick, of North Carolina, in recent charges to grand juries, declared the criminal features of the Civil Rights Act unconstitutional, "as no law could say that men are socially equal."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor William has given his assent to the introduction of the bill abolishing religious orders in Prussia.

A committee of the Prussian Diet has prepared a bill declaring the Old Catholics entitled to a share of Roman Catholic churches, cemeteries, and revenues proportionate to their numbers as compared with other Catholics.

Legal proceedings have been begun by the Prussian government for the removal of the Prince-Bishop of Breslau for violation of the ecclesiastical laws.

Belgium has sent a reply to Germany's last note, but the terms of the communication are not yet disclosed.

As a final act of reparation for the *Gustav* outrage the Spanish commander at Guetaria, on the arrival of the German fleet off that port, fired a salute of twenty-one guns with due ceremony, as agreed upon.

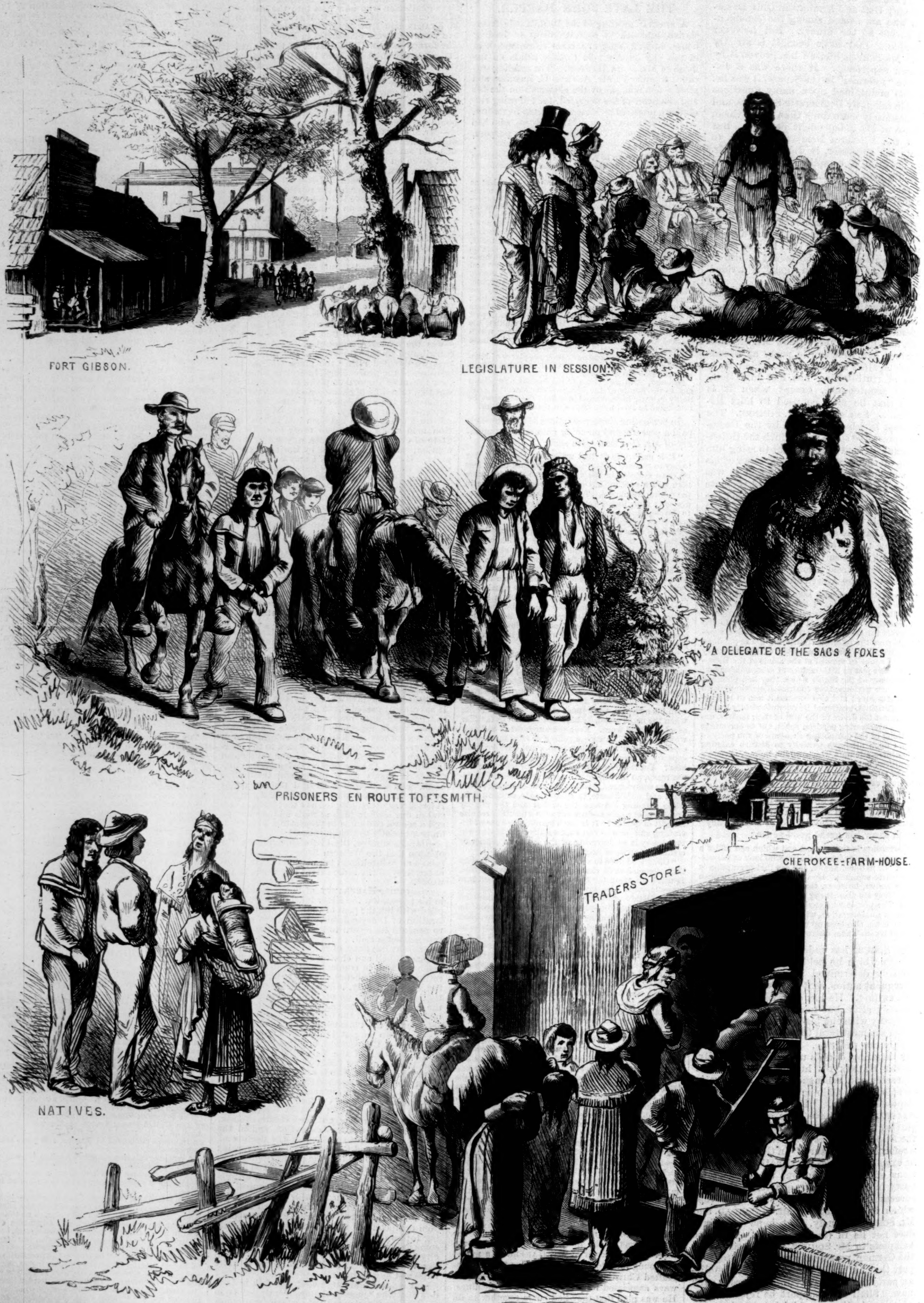
The Prince of Wales was installed as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Masons of England, April 28, in the Royal Albert Hall, London. There was an immense concourse of Masons, and great enthusiasm prevailed.

A terrible explosion occurred, April 30, in a colliery in North Staffordshire, England, while the miners were at work. Twelve dead bodies were recovered, and twenty-three others are supposed to be buried in the mine.

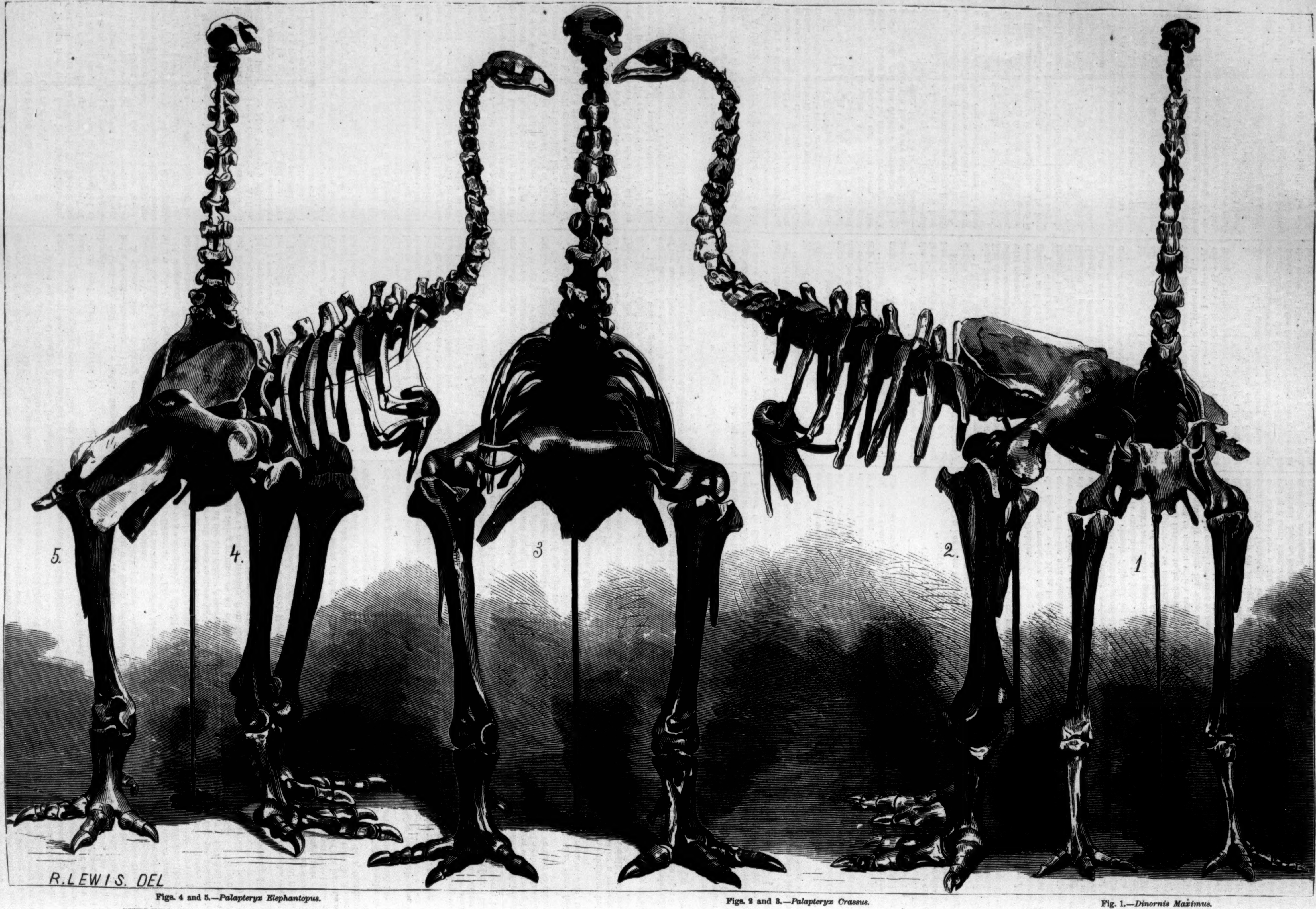
It is feared that Dr. Rastoul and his companions, the French Communists who escaped from the island of New Caledonia, perished on the water, as no tidings of them have yet been received, and fragments of the boat in which they got away have been found.

Captain-General Valmaseda, of Cuba, has issued a proclamation offering pardon to rebels who surrender before May 30, 1875. The pardon is unconditional for all except deserters from the Spanish forces, who will be required to serve in the van-guard of the army until the end of the war. The proclamation declares that "enough loyal bayonets remain in Spain to make those Spanish soldiers bite the dust who continue in close union with the insurgents, shedding the blood of their former companions and brothers."

Violent demonstrations were made recently against Don Alfonso, who is residing at Grätz. He was insulted and beaten by a mob, and the police had to clear the streets with their bayonets.


FORT GIBSON.
LEGISLATURE IN SESSION.
PRISONERS EN ROUTE TO FT. SMITH.
A DELEGATE OF THE SACS & FOXES
CHEROKEE FARM-HOUSE.
TRADERS STORE.
NATIVES.

IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—A Leaf from Our Artist's Sketch-Book.—[See Page 406.]



Figs. 4 and 5.—*Palapteryx Elephantopus.*

Figs. 2 and 3.—*Palapteryx Crassus.*

Fig. 1.—*Dinornis Maximus.*

SKELETONS OF MOAS, GIGANTIC EXTINCT BIRDS, PURCHASED IN NEW ZEALAND FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN NEW YORK.—[See Article on Double Page.]

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE WAY.

WHEN they sally forth into the bright sun, that glitters on the lazy water in the harbor, the white mast-lined quay, and the little crowd of blouses and snowy caps that has assembled to see them off, they find a species of large wagonette drawn up at right angles to the hotel steps, as though they were furniture for removal. The cattle are large, fat, of the cart-horse breed. The conveyance itself is painted a bright pea green, and is farther adorned by four tricolor flags, one at each corner, which are subsequently, to the great disappointment of the driver, sternly relegated to a comparative obscurity beneath the seats.

Minnie at once declares her intention of occupying one of the two available box-seats.

"Who'll come and take care of poor dear little me?" she cries, hoping inwardly that Jim will swallow his wrath and take the chance. At this, seeing him bend over Mrs. Morant's shoulder with exaggerated empressement, she concludes he must be grievously offended, and can just make a guess at the cause. So she pretends not to hear the eager voice of her late cavalier, and summons Mr. Hatchard, who has just arrived, beaming between his two daughters, to take the vacant place as he values his future safety. Straightway he scrambles up beside her somehow, his face puckered into one inane smile, and the others march in behind pell-mell.

All being securely packed, Mrs. Ferrers discovers with concern that there is no place for Regy, who has mysteriously disappeared in front.

"Here we are!" he vociferates, escaping from the volubility of their Jehu, with whom he has been carrying on an argument as to the inordinate amount of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal that depends on all sides from the harness, at great disadvantage to himself, owing to his imperfect acquaintance with the powerful and graphic idioms of Gallic discussion.

"What, no room? Not even for a little un? Never mind; I'll stand," picking his way between the serried ranks of knees up to the back of the box-seat. Against it he leans his six feet odd of thew and sinew, and folds his arms, his head just on a level with the careless folds of Minnie's burnous, his hair almost brushing her shoulder.

"If every body will excuse a dorsal view of my manly form, I'm a fixture till we arrive chez Latour. Pray don't move. I'm quite happy, I assure you."

"Drive on, cocher," shouts the colonel. "What's the odds as long as you're happy?"

Captain Tregarvan slams to the door with an angry bang from his seat at the near hind corner, and comes to the painful conclusion in his own mind that the owner of Danescourt is nothing better than a conceited, self-satisfied fop.

The driver gathers up his reins and cracks his whip.

"Allez! 'u! 'uah!"

Off they go, with a tremendous jerk and much clatter, over the stones, into the town, past the gay shops, and up, very slowly up, the Rue du Fort.

At the top they turn sharply to the right—a bit of rickety street; an old gate; a sonorous drawbridge; a magnificent glimpse of the sparkling waves and quaint old town—and they bowl down a steep incline into the valley where flows the brook that comes, with many a mile of twist and turn, from the cascade they are going to see.

Mr. Hatchard is sitting immersed in meditation, with his nose in the air and a benevolent smile fixed on his meek face, as if he wished every body to imagine that he fully appreciated their witticisms, though not with them in the spirit. Dane profits by the worthy clergyman's abstraction and the driver's ignorance of English, and makes the pace very hot for Minnie. He is very handsome, his voice is very tender—especially when he looks up at her like that—and he is doing all he knows. Wonderful it is how speeches the most commonplace waken into life and freshness when they are spoken in that soft, half-whispered murmur; wonderful it is also how a pair of good eyes can underline one of those said speeches.

And Minnie had made up her mind so fully to be very good, to defy Dane and all his works, to bring back the smile to poor old Crabs's face.

But somehow gayety is contagious. Dane is so agreeable, so brilliant, so—so much in love with her; and "les absents ont toujours tort:" and les absents have lost their opportunity, while some one else has made one for himself. No woman likes neglect—even from a guardian. Equally true is it that every woman likes admiration and devotion—*even* from a rich man.

Lord Baccarat is ensconced between Miss Peverel and Mrs. Morant. Deserted by the fair widow, who is carrying on a murderous warfare of chaff with the colonel, and now and then even pitching a shell at Jim opposite, he cultivates Miss Peverel. She is a modest virgin, who does not venture a remark till she be addressed; dowdy as to costume, washed-out in countenance. Her face is one of those one always has seen before, but can not remember where; she is staying here with an invalid mother; she tinkles on the piano, and has been known on more than one occasion to warble, "Maid of Athens, ere we part." Finally, she is fabulously rich.

"Jolly breeze," remarks Baccarat, as a feeler; "eh?"

"Yes?" says the maiden, inquiringly, looking deeply interested.

"Breeze—capital thing for health," he continues, urged to further efforts by her note of interrogation. "Eh?"

"Yes?" as before. "Yes?" after a pause.

"Had a breeze *always*"—urged on again—"at Beggar's Bush."

"Yes?" fastening her eyes on his, as though entranced at his words of mystery.

"Barracks, you know—Dublin," he pursues.

"Yes? *Oh* yes?" still more interested.

"When we were at Beggar's Bush," he begins again, desperately feeling that he shall not be able to carry on the deceptive interest, "that was last year—"

"*Oh* yes?" much impressed by this original thought.

"Well—oh, well," with a jerk, "we *generally* had a breeze—*generally*. Eh?"

A pause. She is thinking over it. Then, quickly, "Yes? Oh yes?" But the Nose is not to be lured into eloquence again. Then, with a sigh, "*How* nice!"

A stoppage. They are at the foot of a tremendous hill. The driver swings himself down, and furtively lights his half-smoked pipe. Dane is up on the box, and off it, holding out both hands to Minnie, who follows suit. So also, from behind, the colonel and his fair antagonist, Jim and Baccarat.

As he descends, Captain Tregarvan catches a little imploring glance from Minnie. "Why don't you come and make it up?" shaped from her pouting lips.

He pretends not to see, and carefully rolls a cigarette, steeling his mind against her the while. No, he does not love her; no, he has not loved her—more fool he if he did. At his age, too! What a flirt she is becoming, though! Poor child; spoiled by her first season. He can see it all now.

And Minnie is watching his dear angry face, and wondering why a look from him should be so much more to her than speech from any other. Why has she been so furious with him when he leaves her like this to Dane? Why has she thought of him so much this last week, and longed so passionately to chase the cloud from his face, and be again as they were in those first few happy days? He despises her now, perhaps; she is not elevated enough, not formed enough, for him. How cold he is! how polite! If only he could feel the throbbing of that hot little heart!

The horses are toiling up the hill. The voices are wandering unequally on ahead. Minnie is resting for a moment on the grassy bank.

"What lovely flowers!" she exclaims, her eye catching a splendid mass of color over the way, as she wakes from her reverie.

"Let me get you some," offers Dane, eagerly, springing up and crossing the road in two strides.

As he scrambles up the bank she rises with sudden vexation, lest he should think she wanted to prolong the *tête-à-tête*.

"No, no, *no*," she cries; "please don't, Mr. Dane. They are nearly at the top of the hill now, and we shall keep them waiting."

"Let 'em wait!" growls Regy, grabbing at every flower he sees, with masculine disregard of the undue inequality of stem. "I don't walk up hills with you every day, you see, Miss Goring."

"Oh, *do* come down," she persists; and, with irritation, "I can't *bear* wild flowers."

At last he descends, with earth-stained hands and a huge bunch of variety.

"You don't like wild flowers?" he repeats, coming close to her, and picking out the prettiest to make into a button-hole.

"No, I don't," answers she, petulantly; "I hate them. That is, I think they look all very well on that bank, but on me—no."

"But this," he continues, proffering the little bouquet and dropping the rest—"this isn't very extensive. Won't you wear it for me—Minnie?"

He is bending over her, trying to look into her eyes. Vexed with herself and him—vexed with Jim for deserting her, and yet tenderly longing it were his voice so softly sounding in her ears—it is not now, surely, he should speak thus.

"Haven't I just *told* you I hate weeds?" very angrily. "And what do you mean by calling me—"

"In that case," interrupts he, tossing away the posy with much disdain, "all I have to do is to apologize to Miss Goring for accrediting her with so vulgar a taste."

Minnie's heart smites her, and she repentantly dashes after the despised flowers.

"I didn't mean it, Mr. Dane. *There*," pinning them on to her dress, and smiling up at him shamefacedly, "I'll wear them, if they *must* wither somewhere. But I *really* don't care for wild flowers." Which concession, as most concessions do, comes too late, and leaves Regy as glumpy as before.

Yet when they arrive at the top of the hill and resume their places in the wagonette, Jim observes the flowers, and makes up for his own delectation a pretty little picture of rural felicity, though, of course, it can not matter to him. Dane is a good match, and she could hardly find a man who combines more fully all recommendations to female preference.

In the inmost depths of his heart, nevertheless, he curses the "good match" by all his gods, and all the time feels that he is personally nothing more or less than a dog in the manger. He would, forsooth, deny Minnie to a man deserving of her, because he can not take her himself.

"Yes, I would," he thinks, bitterly; "I would. My darling, I *can't* lose you!" But he knows there is no help for him now; for all that, his thoughts struggle against his despair.

A mile along the flat, another hill, and they look down upon the Vallée de la Cascade. Through fair green meads glitters again the stream that flows so swift and brawling here, so sluggishly into the harbor silt of Malaise. It bursts out of the forest that rises away there to the spire of the chapelle, hurries along the rich banks and their sturdy willows, now and then turning the wheel of some picturesque old mill, now and then leaping down a salmon-race, glides through the quaint little village on the road-side, under the low bridge, past all those chattering washer-women, those meditative anglers, and swirls out of sight round the wooded spur of rock.

A moment to put on the drag. They descend swiftly.

"Who *on earth* is that telegraphing to us?" cries Minnie.

Toward them is galloping at full speed, blue-veiled hat in hand, legs at an angle of forty-five to the saddle, an elaborate, high-shouldered, dust-coated figure. It approaches; it is close up; it shoots past with much gesticulation.

"Out for a Noliday, perhaps," suggests Dane, recovering his spirits.

"Looks as if he had mistaken his way to Epsom," says Baccarat. "Eh?"

"Been to a costumier's, I should think," from Jim. "Made up for sporting gent."

Meanwhile the dust-coat has turned, and comes after them with more caution, jig-jog, jig-jog, till they stop at the hill foot. Apparently it had selected the rising ground as an eligible spot for the display of horsemanship, from the fact that it is more difficult for the equine race to get rid of their burden uphill than on the flat. They pull up.

"The party of the Collonel Ferrers?" bows the cavalier. "Good. Permit that I present myself—Le Baron d'Etrier, one of the friends of ce cher Camille—as escort to the equipage of our host."

A few more turns of the wheels, a few more demivolts of the Rosinante in attendance, round a corner, and lo! they are alongside of a carriage drawn up against the hedge.

"Velcôme! 'Ourah! Velcôme the ladies! velcôme the genteelmens! All velcôme! 'Ourah!"

Latour, in irreproachable redingote, snowy waistcoat, lavender continuations, white hat, and straw-colored gloves, stands on the box, enthusiastically waving his pocket-handkerchief with one hand and saluting with the other. Inside, a quaint meagre little old lady, a fat red-faced old lady, a fat stolid mutton-chop-whiskered propriétaire, and a tiny dark priest, with a face like a nut-cracker and bead-like eyes, all stand and wave cambric.

After this greeting, upon which Camille had devoted much thought, and finally chosen out of a host of other inspirations as being concise, to the point, and thoroughly British, he proceeds from his coign of vantage to introduce the two carriages to each other.

"Mademoiselle De la Radotte, ma belle sœur; Monsieur et Madame Chalumeau; Monsieur le Curé."

"J'ai bien l'honneur de saluer messieurs et dames," with an antique courtesy from Latour's relative.

The soutane executed a bow à l'abbé Louis Quatorze. From Chalumeau a hasty unhatting, as though he feared a sun-stroke, and then, in praiseworthy imitation of his host, "Howyoudo? 'Ourah!"

Civilities having thus been exchanged, and every body knowing every body, the cavalcade gets under way once more, and shortly arriving at a pleasant green-blinded villa just under the brow of the hill, is duly deposited with much pomp at the door.

Enter to them in the salon slaves with refraichissements—ices, lemonade, sorbets, wine.

More arrivals. Two pretty girls from a neighboring house, in charge of a white-capped bonne. They are English apparently, for they enjoy themselves during the day to an extent no French demoiselle would think of doing. Next, a handsome young Briton, with a weakly looking wife, who lives in a chronic state of jealousy scarcely mitigated by his flirting promiscuously and indiscriminately with the two pretty girls till the party breaks up. Next, a disheveled but good-looking young Gaul, with a guitar and a fine barytone voice, who completes the invitation list.

CHAPTER X.

"VOICI TON MAÎTRE."

CAMILLE has been fluttering about, impartially attending to the wants of his guests and paying the neatest of compliments to the "sex," which on this occasion, under the auspicious influences of fine weather and strawberry-vanille, seems specially disposed to be gracious, and he now proposes a move to the chapelle de Notre Dame de Malaise.

"Allons, messieurs, to your duty! We go to the chapelle with Mons. le Curé; we go to the cascade and—the strawberries with those ladies who will not object to a little climbing; and we all meet in an hour in the ruins of the abbaye, where you must pique-nique with me."

This programme being received with much applause, the little man takes off Mrs. Ferrers and the curé, closely followed by Colonel Ferrers, who is explaining to Mlle. De la Radotte, in very weak French and a good deal of dumb-show, the history of the Redan. She feigns, with the utmost courtesy, to understand perfectly all he says, and farther, to be deeply interested in it—a course of action which results in the colonel subsequently telling his wife he "never met a woman who could converse so sensibly before."

The rest straggle along in loose order, talking à qui mieux mieux, with much laughter and a few glum faces: the faded wife, because her husband *will* keep on flirting with those Hoskyn girls; Mrs. Hatchard, because her Wenceslas can not get any where near rich Miss Peverel, owing to Lord Baccarat's unremitting attentions; Reginald Dane, Esquire, because Minnie has somehow managed to slip her arm into Jim's, and they are tramping away merrily on in front.

On through the pines and beech, with the soft warm breeze wafting summer perfume around them; on along the dry sandy road, over the springy moss turf, through the solemn forest shade, gold-flecked by the sun; looking back now and then down into the smiling vale and waving corn fields, away to the gleaming line of sapphire sea—and they find themselves in the flower-dotted glade where stands the chapelle.

Very picturesque is it without, very beautiful within. As they enter the quiet little sanctuary, and, under the guidance of the curé, admire the exquisite marble Virgin and Child, presented by a wealthy inhabitant of Malaise, the glittering altar with its drapery of white and blue, the poor fishermen's votive offerings brought hither in memory of providential deliverance from storm and sea, and pass the kneeling forms of two peasants, who have turned in here for a few moments of calm, for a few words of humble adoration, their gayety is hushed, and they tread lightly, unwilling to disturb the soothing stillness of this lamp-illumined clair-obscur.

"Why don't you walk fast, my friend?" inquires Minnie, with mild irony, trying to keep up with Jim's tremendous strides. "If you don't look out, you won't catch that train of yours, you know."

"Walking too fast for you?" politely dropping into a preternatural crawl.

They are wending their way over the emerald turf toward the distant plashing roar of the cascade. The air is very sultry. The woods are still, save for the intermittent single note of some drowsy bird the heat has not yet lulled into silence. But for the cool green of the leaves, and a fickle little breeze that hardly stirs the feathers on Minnie's hat as it fans her face, movement would be unendurable.

"Don't be so absurd, Jim," she breaks out, irritated at his affected compliance with her request.

"I wasn't aware of being peculiarly absurd, my dear child," he drawls.

"You know you are," she retorts, pouting.

"How so?" with provoking calm.

She looks up quickly at his face, feeling very much inclined for a row; but under the simulated indifference she fancies she can detect a dark shadow she never saw there before. Sorrow she has seen, vexation she has seen; but what is this?

"Oh, Jim!" she cries, wondrous soft-hearted now, clasping his unwilling arm with strong little hands, and resting her head against his shoulder, "do be jolly with me; I've been *so* miserable all this week."

"How enviable a control over your facial muscles you must possess!" returns Jim, impassively.

"You have avoided me," she continues, holding tighter, "as if I was a pest or a nuisance. You haven't taken me out for a walk once since Dane came."

Unlucky, rather, the last sentence she speaks.

"Haven't I?" dryly.

"Make it up, Crabs," pleads the tender voice. "What *have* I done? Oh, *do* tell me what it is, and I know I can put you right. I'm sure I can."

He wonders mentally whether she ever looks at Regy like that. Dangerous looks, when a man has made up his mind to stamp out his love for the looker.

"My dear Minnie, don't bother yourself about nothing," he answers, in measured tones; "your conduct has been perfectly correct, I assure you."

"Oh, well," sighs she, "you needn't be so angry with me, Jim; I sha'n't be here so very much longer."

Unlucky again the observation, for it raises wild jealousy in the poor fellow's heart—bitter repinings. She is his; he formed her; he saw her grow from a pretty baby into beauty that maddens him to think of as another's; and now she is going from *him* to gladden with her presence, with her accomplishments, with her affections, acquaintances and strangers. So he hardens his heart, and determines, as many a man has done before, to crush his passion, to conquer the gnawing pain in his bosom. And in evidence of this his power over himself, he walks up to the cascade with Minnie, talking small-talk and cracking dreary jokes, banking up the mighty smouldering fire of his love.

"Hurry up, good people," cries the Morant, as they join the rest of the party assembled on a little rustic bridge; "*the* very sweetest thing in water-falls!"

"Fine if a feller could get it—London," remarks Baccarat, intelligently. "*Proper* sort o' shower-bath—first thing in mornin'—Sat up late at night, eh?"

The Baron d'Etrier, who has been discussing the future of le turff Français with great command of English sporting slang, to the apparent delectation of the Fusilier and Miss Peverel, is stimulated by her interrogative method of conversation to enter into a full and particular account of how he was led to adopt the British matutinal bath as an ingredient of his toilet.

"Mees, it is my delights to tob. My tob is with me always. What magnificent tob that cataract! Ah, tob, you are sportman, you are Anglish!"

On one side of the bridge the grim black-rocks tower up to the sky, green with wet moss and fern, red with veins of iron, half veiled in a cloud of white spray and prismatic sheen; on the other yawns the ravine, into which thunders the glittering water with ceaseless roar from the mighty heights above; at the bottom lies strangely still the round black pool of the chaudron d'enfer, its surface like a shield of steel, save for the yellow foam that gathers and swirls round the foot of the torrent; gnarled old trunks hang on by the root all over the smooth sable wall, their bright verdancy waving in the wind of the rush of waters, touched here and there by the hot sun and glistening with light and moisture; beyond, a narrow glimpse of the smiling torrid valley through the crags.

"By Jove!" observes the nasal one, "not half bad, Miss Peverel, eh?"

A decrepit old woman stands behind a white-draped table, on which fresh firm strawberries glow among their leaves, in the shade of a huge beech; cream also does she dispense to the small crowd that besieges her. Of her votaries the Reverend Samuel and the dainty widow are the most devoted.

"Indeed," he remarks, apologetically, his mouth full of the tempting compound, "I am quite greedy about some comestibles. This and trifle, Mrs. Morant, in particular. Dear me, I fear I am heathenishly addicted to trifle." And the worthy man cackles softly and, head on one side, looks archly at his fair companion from under his spectacles.

Presently couples drift off one by one toward the abbaye, distant some quarter of a mile; then a knot, making the still rides gay with laughter round Minnie and Ina; then every body else.

On the velvety sward, which was once the floor of the monks' refectory, in the midst of the ivy-grown ruins, is spread a goodly repast, and as they come up, the guests take their places as seemeth best in their sight.

Jim tumbles down any where, and finds himself by the side of the one of the Hoskyns with whom that reprehensible young married man happens just at present *not* to be flirting. Halts at the other side the propriétaire.

"Assieds-toi, Madame Chalumeau," he growls.

"Oui, mon ami." Down they both go, like paynim Turks.

Latour surpasses himself. He might be ubiquitous, so well does he manage to talk to every body, help every body to chicken, keep every body's glass full. He has taken care to secure well-trained waiters; the mustard is *not* forgotten, the salad dressing has *not* got into the confitures, the Champagne is iced to a turn, and there is plenty of it: a most undeniable success, his "pique-nique."

"No wonder that wretched Hatchard's a poor man," thinks Dane, as he fills Mrs. Samuel's plate for the third time of asking: "wonderful how much some of those thin women can put away."

Uncharitable of Regy, perhaps; but then, you see, he *had* intended to occupy that place opposite, next Minnie; whence emanates an uninterrupted flow of swift French, interlarded with an occasional "'anddicapp," "monde fashionable," "Shockey Club," "shentelmens-riders."

And now that the heavier ingredients of the collation have been disposed of, now that the lordly pasty yawns forth emptiness, that the pâtés de foie gras look silly, that the volaille is but a carcass, Veuve Cliquot and Jules Mumm oil the wheels of conversation, and it goes trundling along; now led by the shrill and precise courtesy of Mademoiselle De la Radotte, now by the gruff British bass of the jolly colonel; broken by peals of laughter, turned aside by a stray feather of chaff, lighting upon some quiet convive from the shuttlecock of quip and repartee, which flies fast and strong, bandied about the circle, with one hot corner specially held by Ina Morant; proceeding bravely, anyhow, to the popping of corks and the tinkling of glasses.

"Homage to amiabity, to beauty!" proposes the bright little host, holding a bumper high over his white pate. "Messieurs, to the health of those ladies!"

Great enthusiasm; cheers; much imbibing of Champagne—much more.

Chalumeau fills his glass to the brim; and saying, as a definition of the toast or sentiment he is celebrating, "'Ourah-ladies! 'Ourah-ladies!" twice very rapidly, empties it with uplifted elbow; then, as if inspired by the wine, he fills it again, and adds, in a stentorian growl, "'Ourah-Latour!"

Having elicited by those words great excitement, more cheers, and a brilliant little speech from Camille, he slowly divests himself of the napkin he had tucked into his shirt collar to preserve a waistcoat which, had it existed in those remote times, would have proved a formidable rival to Joseph's best dittos, and turning toward the partner of his joys, breathes forth, with his commanding and placid eye softened by the moisture of happiness and a good deal of Champagne, a sigh of satisfaction.

"J'ai bien diné, Madame Chalumeau."

"Mon ami, tu as fait bien."

The subtle fragrance of some of Latour's choicest begins to mingle with the sweet summer air, as the servants hand round cigars; and Jim, as he lights his weed and finishes his fizz, fancies he would not object to a quiet stroll with a pretty companion; and though he makes for the Morant with the ostensible purpose of honoring her with his company, chance or inclination, or both, send him off toward the cascade in somewhat confidential and close converse with Minnie Goring.

The voices from the abbaye fade into the distance: so also do Jim's good, self-denying resolutions with every step he takes beside that intoxicating loveliness. In a moment like this every accessory has its power: the generous sparkling wine, the rare cabana, the enervating forest calm, the splendor of the setting sun. The evil time will come all too soon. Do not they grant the condemned *one* ruddy draught before his last dread journey? Why should he deny himself the short bliss of this one hour, gift of the gods?

"Min," he says at last, remembering her tender words and his cold answers with deep compunction, "do you think me an *awful* beast?"

"Ah-h!"—in a long breath. "So you have just found out that you *may* possibly have been rather cruel to poor little me?"

"Look here, Min," he whispers, "I'm sorry. Forget it."

The great loving eyes give him sweetest pardon, and she nestles up close to him—too close, perhaps, for his peace of mind.

"Quite friends again, Crabs," very softly.

"*Quite*," with much decision.

I fear that if even Regy had walked up just then his reception would have been but a cold one.

"What a lovely day we've had!" remarks Jim, as they halt by a grassy knoll that overlooks the cascade, with an intense admiration in his voice that redeems the observation of its commonplace.

"What a shame it is to have wasted such a 'lovely day' in sour speeches and sourer looks; eh, Jim?" Minnie retorts, settling down on the turf. "Oh, by-the-way, concerning those said sour looks? You haven't told me why yet."

Jim looks somewhat disconcerted.

"Never mind that, little woman," he sighs; "time enough to bother our heads about disagreeables to-morrow. Let's be happy while we can."

"My dear old man again; aren't you, Jim?" very fondly.

The whole sky is glorious with crimson and gold—the magnificence of a dying king. Faintly visible gleams the silver crescent, heir to all this wealth of color. The sound of waters and the shrill chirping of the crickets make the sweet evening stillness doubly still.

Suddenly, from the opposite side of the bridge, comes the sonorous twang of a guitar; a few chords, and a splendid male voice fills the silent air with melody.

"Listen, Jim; how *delicious!*" murmurs she, entranced.

"Entends-tu les gondoles
S'égarer sur les flots,
Les tendres barcarolles
Des jeunes matelots?
  Le frais zéphir éveille
  En tous lieux le plaisir;
Oh, viens—oh, viens à moi,
  Belle, Belle:
J'accours ici vers toi,
  Belle, Belle:
Je rame ici vers toi!"

The voice, passionate with feeling, ceases. Jim feels the full tide of his love rise and storm within him, swollen by the bewitching might of the hour, the scene, and the great beauty so near him. Only for this once—only for this once—will he think thoughts and dream dreams. To-morrow will come soon enough.

The chords twang out again:

"Le beau soleil dans l'onde
Est venu se cacher—
Il a laissé le monde
A ceux qui savent aimer.
  Le frais zéphir éveille
  En tous lieux le plaisir;
Oh, viens—oh, viens à moi,
  Belle, Belle:
J'accours ici vers toi,
  Belle, Belle:
Je rame ici vers toi!"

The languorous melancholy of the song has so powerful an effect on Jim's nerves that he feels he must either escape from the place, or— Not giving himself time to think about the alternative, he jumps up, and signifies his intention of rejoining Latour.

"Come along, then," sighs Minnie, waking out of her trance; "but, oh, how truly lovely it was! Now for a race home!"—running off as though to conceal her emotion; and the voice, resuming, follows them:

"La mer est éclairée
D'une lune d'amour;
Et toi, belle adorée,
Préfères-tu le jour?"

As these words thrill through the air Minnie stops and looks up at the moon, which is now gleaming white in the twilight.

"Is *that* the lune d'amour, Jim?" and runs off again before he can detain her.

A moment's silence, only broken by the pattering of tiny feet; then—a dull thud, a smothered shriek, a dazed stagger.

In two bounds Jim is at her side, white as death.

"Good God, Min! what is it?" he gasps.

She tries to smile, and presses one hand against her head.

"It's nothing, dear. I didn't see the branch, and knocked my head against it. Stupid, wasn't it?"

Her face is getting ghastly pale.

"Never mind, Jim," she stammers, breathing heavily. "I'm—all right. It didn't hurt—much."

And then suddenly she sinks, powerless and inanimate, into the poor fellow's arms. In a moment, at the first touch of her supple form—like the bursting of a mighty dam—his pent-up feelings break out, and his passion pours forth the stronger for his long control over it.

His burning lips pressed on hers, slaking their thirst for love in long mad kisses; her soft warm limbs clasped tight in his embrace; he breaks into inarticulate and hurried speech, finding no words to tell his adoration.

"My darling! my own—very own! Wake, my angel! Open those eyes! One look, to say you love me."

And as he showers kisses on the still white face a faint color returns, and, with a smile of ineffable tenderness, the long heavy lashes glance up at him.

"Darling!" she murmurs, and, so murmuring, swoons again.

Jim, maddened with love, and fear lest she should be mortally injured, lays her down on the moss, to collect his senses. After a minute he takes her once more into his strong arms, and makes for the rendezvous.

Through the forest comes the voice again, soft and clear:

"Entends-tu la fauvette
Qui chante son amour?
Elle n'est pas seulette
Sur la fin d'un beau jour.
  Le frais zéphir éveille
  En tous lieux le plaisir;
Oh, viens—oh, viens à moi,
  Belle, Belle:
J'accours ici vers toi,
  Belle, Belle:
Je rame ici vers toi!"

And with Jim's footsteps the refrain dies into the distance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The regular annual meeting of the National Academy of Science took place at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington on the 20th of April, and continued three days. The attendance was about the same as usual, there being some twenty-five members present out of the seventy-five. Numerous papers of much scientific interest were brought forward.

In accordance with the rules of the Academy, five new members were elected. These are Professor R. E. Rogers, Professor of Chemistry of the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Asaph Hall, one of the astronomers at the Washington Observatory; Professor Alpheus Hyatt, curator of the Natural History Society of Boston; Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California; and Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester. All these gentlemen are eminent in their respective branches of science, and constitute a valuable addition to the membership of the Academy, which now embraces about eighty individuals, selected from the representative men of science throughout the United States.

The only loss which the Academy has experienced by death during the year is, as stated by the president, that of Professor Jeffries Wyman.

The report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New Hampshire for 1874 has just been published, and gives an account of the doings of the new Commissioners, Messrs. Noyes, Wadleigh, and Fifield, who superseded the former officers about a year ago. Owing to the short period during which they have held office, they have not much to record, although they promise to carry on their work as vigorously as the means at their command will allow.

They propose a somewhat different method than that usually employed for stocking the waters, namely, the transfer of parent fish themselves, instead of depending upon the eggs or the young. They announce that they have made arrangements to put several thousand white-fish from Lake Champlain into waters of the State best suited to their cultivation. They intend to introduce shad into some of the larger rivers as soon as they can obtain the mature fish, deeming it far preferable to the introduction of the eggs or young fry. If they can devise some method of keeping large shad for even a few hours in a confined body of water, and of transporting them, they will accomplish an important feat in fish propagation, as, so far, the most careful manipulation has been unsuccessful. Even where the fish have been caught in large seines, and simply lifted by net or by hand into an adjacent inclosure for the purpose of keeping them until the eggs were entirely mature, they have always died in a very short time, possibly owing to the extent to which the scales become detached, and the consequent injury to the system.

Barnes has made a communication to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain upon the preservative effect of chloroform on vegetable infusions, in which he shows that of all substances applicable to the purpose of preparing unchanged infusions for medical purposes chloroform is among the most valuable. In one case four grams of chloroform were added to four fluid ounces of mucilage of tragacanth, and at the expiration of a month the mass was found to be perfectly neutral, while another portion, not treated with the chloroform, had become strongly acid and unfit for use.

It is equally serviceable in preventing the souring of paste and gum-arabic, its special property seeming to depend upon the power possessed by chloroform to prevent alcoholic fermentation. When mixed with yeast, even in a warm place, fermentation and the accompanying development of alcohol is prevented.

Barnes also found that by adding twenty minims of chloroform to eight fluid ounces of fresh milk, the milk remained fresh after the lapse of five days, though kept in a warm place. If milk thus treated be boiled just before using, all the chloroform will be driven off. The same application has also been used in the preservation of concentrated infusions of quassia, calumba, gentian, etc.

The death of Mr. Daniel Hanbury on the 24th of March, 1875, of typhoid fever, at the age of forty-nine, is recorded in the London journals. This gentleman is best known in science from his thorough familiarity with the *materia medica*, especially the portion belonging to the vegetable kingdom, no writers of recent date being higher authority in regard to every thing connected with the history of drugs and their sources than Mr. Hanbury. His most important work is his *Pharmacographia*, which he published in connection with Professor Flückiger.

A report of a committee to the Massachusetts Legislature upon the proposed scientific survey of the commonwealth estimates that about fifteen years will be required for the work, at a cost of about $25,000 a year, or a total of $375,000. There is good reason to believe that such a survey will be undertaken by Massachusetts, thereby taking the lead in the new series of researches into the physical and natural history of the State, as she did many years ago in first inaugurating the geological survey under Professor Hitchcock.

It is proposed to have a complete topographical survey of the State upon a scale of about two and one-third inches to the mile, this being enlarged to six inches to the mile in several localities where greater precision is required. A scientific inquiry by which the exact area of all the bodies of water and the outlines of the various streams and ponds can be ascertained is considered an absolute necessity. In addition to such a plotting of the surface features of the State, an exhaustive geological and mineralogical survey is also proposed; and it is believed that deposits of mineral wealth now unknown will be found which will much more than repay all the cost and labor incurred.

To render the work complete, the natural history of the State is also to be investigated, with a view of furnishing an exhaustive report upon the botany and zoology. This will include special reference to the insects injurious to vegetation.

An important step in the development of the industrial and political resources of South America has been taken in the completion of a contract for the building of a railroad in the State of Cauca, in the United States of Colombia, extending from Buenaventura to the western bank of the river Cauca. This contract has been taken by Mr. Charles S. Brown, who agrees to complete the road in the space of four years. The estimated cost, including the mole at Buenaventura, is $6,000,000, and the government is to pay $105,000 a year for the last three years of the building of the road, and $210,000 annually for twenty years from the date of its opening.

The statement is made that the commissioners appointed to represent Victoria at the Philadelphia Centennial propose to hold a preliminary exhibition at Melbourne in August next. The co-operation of New South Wales and South Australia has been secured, and negotiations are pending with the view of enlisting the interest of a number of neighboring islands. No goods are to be forwarded to Philadelphia unless they have been previously exhibited at Melbourne.

The death of the missionary, Mr. Charles New, is recorded as having occurred during an expedition into the interior of Africa from Mombas. To him is due the credit of having first ascended the interior snow-clad mountain of Kilima-njaro.

According to the *Academy*, the British parties engaged in the survey of Palestine are now at work in the south portion, which they expect to finish during the summer. The field work was suspended during the winter on account of the unprecedented severity of the weather. Lieutenant Conder reports that he has a list of nearly 3000 names in Arabic. Among the recent identifications is that of Bethabara, the place where John baptized. Upward of fifty fords of the Jordan have been discovered in the progress of the survey.

An international telegraphic conference has been convoked to meet in St. Petersburg on the 1st of June, in which the participation of twenty-four states and twenty cable companies has been promised. The most prominent theme of discussion will be a proposition to make telegraph lines neutral objects in time of war, and not liable to interruption or destruction.

Sir Charles Lyell has left to the Geological Society of London the sum of $10,000, one-third of the interest of which is to be applied annually to furnish a medal in bronze, called the Lyell medal, as a recognition on the part of the society of merit on the part of the medalist. The remainder of the interest is to be given in one or more portions, at the discretion of the Council, for the encouragement of geology or any of its allied sciences, either for traveling expenses or for a memoir or paper published. It is to be given without reference to the sex or nationality of the author, or the language in which it is written.

The State Commissioners of Fisheries of Pennsylvania have published their report for the year 1874, and give a satisfactory exhibit of their activity during the year. They remark that, owing to some as yet unexplained fatality, the indications of the increase of black bass during the year are not so great as they had expected, and that the number of young fish caught in the streams is much less than that of the previous seasons. They suggest that this may be in part due to the covering up of the spawning beds and the destruction of the spawn in consequence of heavy freshets during the critical season.

Attention is called to the destructive character of the pound nets and other fishing improprieties in Lake Erie, and the action of the Legislature is invoked for a remedy.

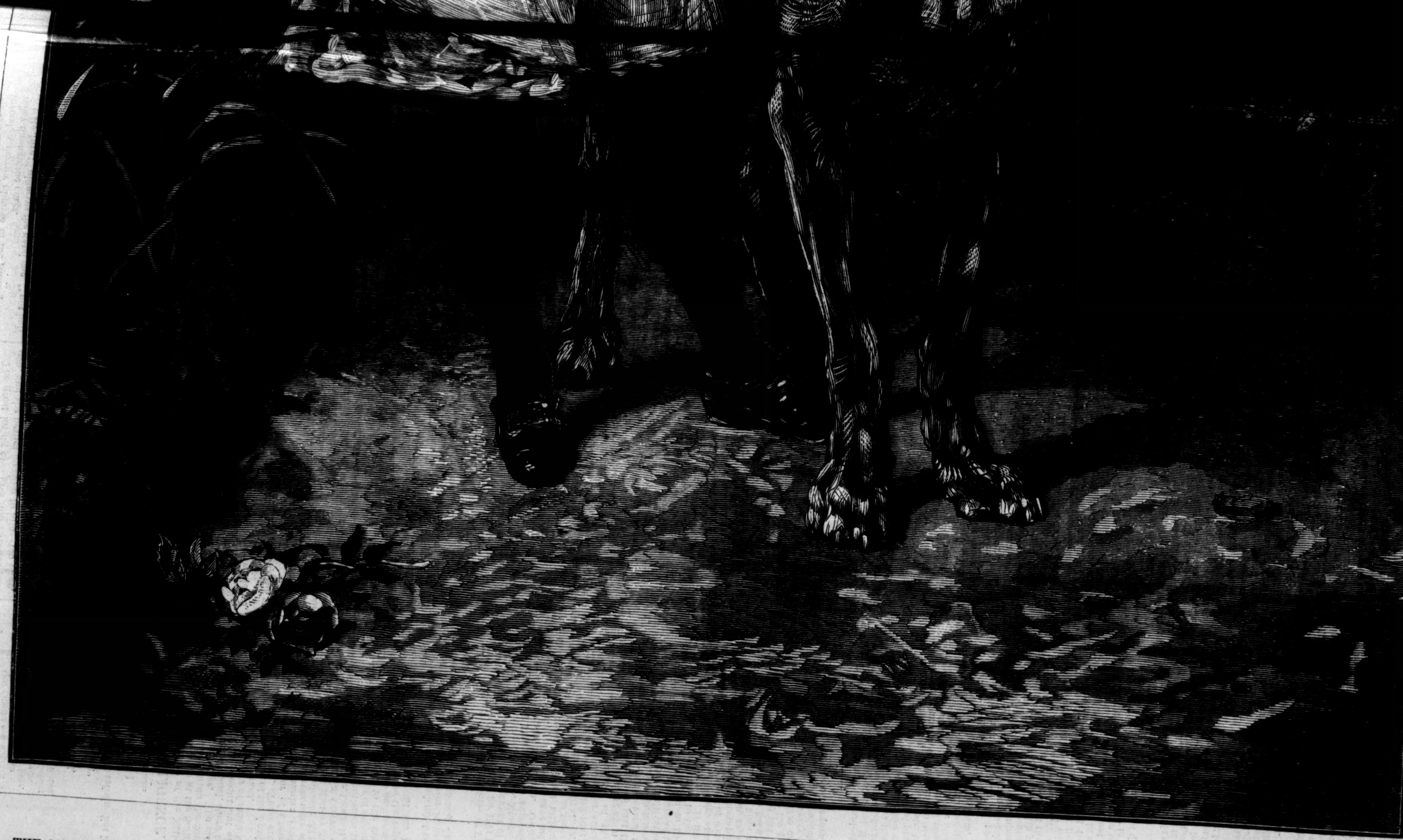
The fish-way, constructed at great expense, for the passage of shad at the Columbia Dam, the Commissioners believe, with the alterations recently made, will be adequate to its object. During 1874 the low stage of water and other circumstances combined to prevent the upward passage of the fish for a certain part of the season, although when a sufficient flow passed through the chute, a considerable number are supposed to have ascended.

The shad-hatching operations of the past season were conducted on the Susquehanna River, just below the Columbia Dam, and from 174 spawning fish 3,205,000 eggs were obtained (an average of rather less than 18,500) and 3,065,000 young fish hatched out. The work extended from the 29th of May to the 24th of June. The highest temperature observed in the river during the period was 82° (on the 9th of June), the water being only 75° on the 22d.

The report gives a table of the distribution of California salmon and the salmon of Maine from eggs received from the United States Fish Commission and hatched out at the State establishment at Marietta; as also of another supply hatched out at Dr. Slack's place at Trout Dale, New Jersey. The localities where these were planted are also indicated in the report.

The Commissioners are satisfied that the efforts in regard to California salmon have proved a success, and that after a few years both the Delaware and the Susquehanna will abound in this important addition to the food resources of the country. They remark that they have seen the young California salmon, from four to eight inches in length, taken with the hook and line.

A good deal was done by the Commissioners in the distribution of salmon-trout in the rivers of Pennsylvania, 67,600 having been planted in different localities.



"HE WON'T HURT YOU."

THE MOAS.

The American Museum of Natural History at Central Park has just acquired a grand series of skeletons of the great extinct birds, the moas, of which we give illustrations on page 397. Dr. Haast, the curator of Canterbury Museum at Christ Church, New Zealand, informed several of the great museums of the world that he had for exchange a series of six perfect skeletons, including five species of the above-mentioned, and about twice that number of skeletons, more or less perfect, which are valuable for purposes of study. The trustees of the American Museum, in accordance with their settled policy to secure the most desirable material, telegraphed by cable direct to New Zealand, and made them at once their property.

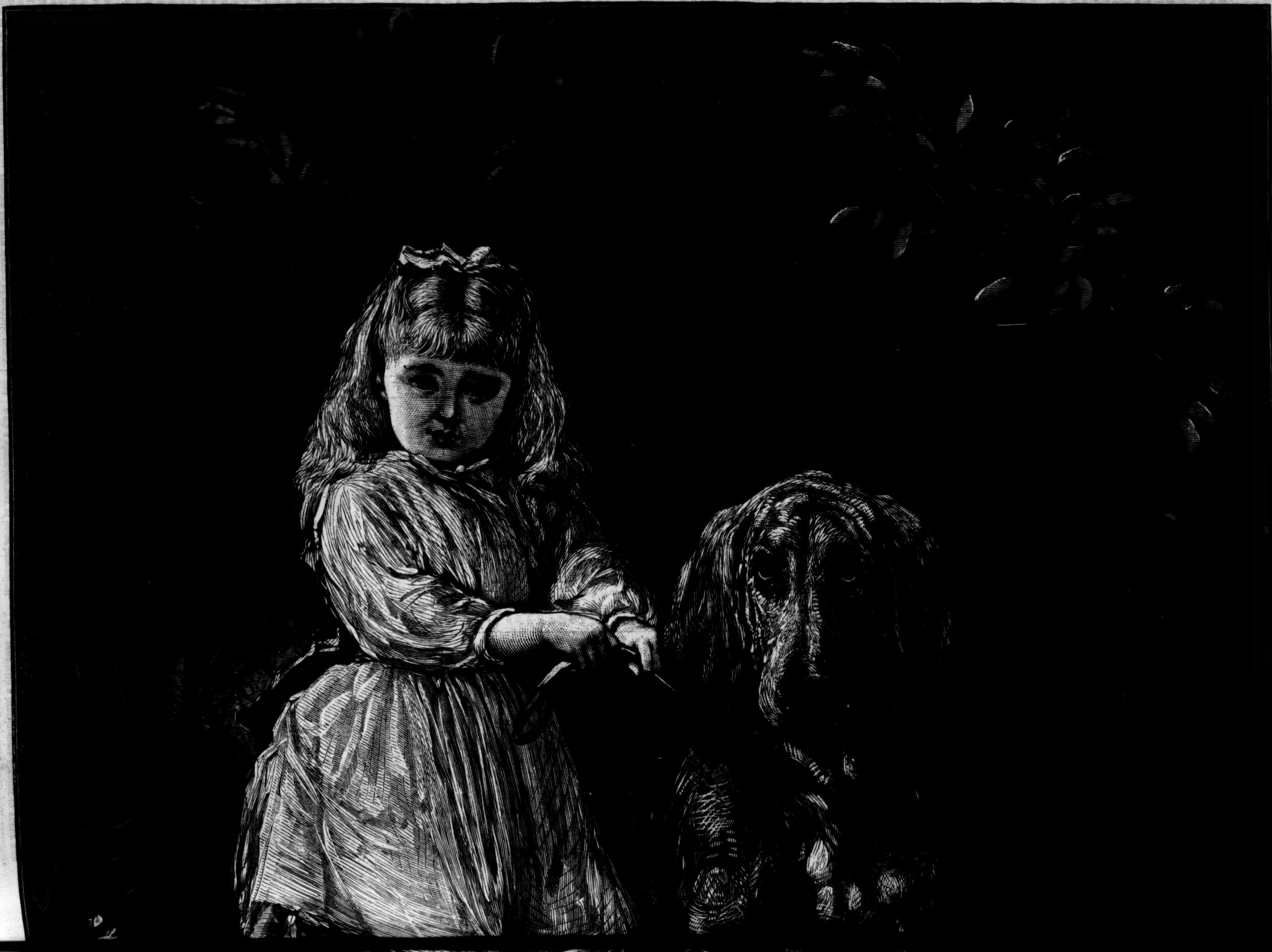
Dr. Haast has given to the world a detailed account of the discovery of these birds through the pages of the *Philosophical Institute*, of Canterbury, New Zealand. In the spring of 1872, in company with several others, he employed a gang of men to explore the region called Moa-bone Point. Here are several large caverns which have been produced by the action of the sea upon a ragged volcanic formation, and which have been at some remote period on a level with the ocean, but are now elevated considerably above. This is inferred from the fact that the ragged bottoms of the caverns are covered with a deep bed of marine sand. On examining the contents of the caverns he found that the native races more or less recently had occupied them, and left heaps of refuse matter, called in the language of archæologists *kitchen-middens*, that is, the natural waste or refuse of a camp. There are traces of European occupants, relics found on the surface indicating an occupation by the later settlers, and deeper in the strata are rude stone implements, and the polished stones of the prehistoric man. The latter are found in the lowest beds, and are mingled with bones of the huge birds, all having been buried beneath the sands of the neighboring sea, evidently at a time when the waves of the Pacific rolled into them.

It is interesting to notice that in numerous instances bones were found by Dr. Haast that had evidently been broken for the purpose of extracting the marrow; this and the fact that stone implements are found mingled with the bones show conclusively that the birds were coeval with man, though they may be very ancient. Dr. Haast maintains that the moas have been extinct many hundreds of years. On the other hand, Dr. Hector, of the Colonial Museum, believes that their extinction is very much more recent—within a century or thereabouts. And he even expressed a belief that a few moas might yet exist on the grassy slopes of some of the southern Alpine hills, between the limits of the bush and the snow line. Reports are constantly occurring of the discovery of live moas, but thus far none have been seen or recognized by science. Two living examples of this group, birds not much over a foot in height, were killed by some sealers in the middle islands of New Zealand. Mr. Mantell was fortunate in securing the bones of these and the skins, which are now in the British Museum. With the exception of one other, in the Vienna Museum, these are the only ones known at present.

The natives assured him that the great moas were also living, but were confined to the precincts of Jougarizo; but this locality proved to be too difficult of penetration, and therefore we must at present rest satisfied, halting between the two opinions, until some reliable examination has been made of this undiscovered region. The subject is fraught with unusual interest from the fact that there were found mingled with the moa bones portions of gigantic eggs which undoubtedly were laid by the great birds. Some fragments of these eggs still contained portions of the lining membrane. Dr. Haast says: "About four feet from the oven," where it was apparent the moa hunters had cooked portions of the birds, "we came across some large pieces of egg-shells, of which many had still the lining membrane attached, proving by their line of curvature that they were portions of a Dinornis egg of very large size." A cast from the fossil egg of Epiornis is in the American Museum; this may give some idea of the size of those found at New Zealand. Its length is fourteen inches, and its capacity is computed to be about that of 240 hens' eggs of the ordinary size. The Epiornis is found at Madagascar, or portions of the bones, but less is known of this than of those under consideration.

A careful search was made while examining the caverns at Moa-bone Point for human remains. Dr. Haast says: "Hitherto we had not been successful either in obtaining human bones or Maori objects of any value, which I hoped might have been placed in a cache similar to those found in carefully excavated hiding-places in the moa hunters' (and afterward Maori) encampments at the Rahaia. However, that evening we came upon a skeleton of a Maori, which evidently had been buried a considerable time." The Maoris constituted a tribe of natives that once occupied this region. The human skeleton here found is full six feet in height, and is mounted erect by the side of the tallest moa skeleton in the Christ Church Museum. From a photograph of this particular view, I find, by measuring, that the bird is about fourteen feet in height. The neck is much shorter proportionally than that of the living ostrich. The enormous size of the trunk and leg bones of this moa strikes the observer particularly. This six-foot man could easily walk between the legs of the bird without stooping. The width across the knee of the moa is as much as any diameter seen on the human skeleton.

On examining some of the smaller caves connected with the large main cavern there were found bones of the moas mixed with those of smaller and common species of sea-birds, many of them showing effects of fire and cutting implements. These caves were no doubt used for human occupation, and the bones of the great as well as small birds show that they were brought there for food. They obtained here, mostly imbedded in the marine sand, the bones of the left leg belonging to an enormous specimen of Euryapteryx. The tibia and femur had been broken



in the usual manner for the extraction of the marrow, while the metatarsus was entire and very much calcined at its lower extremity. The fibula was found to be broken in several places, as would happen by breaking the tibia with the former bone still attached. None of the bones were calcined excepting those which were not covered by flesh, that is, the lower parts, including the feet. This circumstance points to a case of broiled fowl of extraordinary dimensions. With these, specimens of obsidian spear-heads were found, which clearly indicate the method used by the moa hunters to capture the birds.

The discovery of the perfect skeletons of birds so gigantic in size furnishes an interesting confirmation of the theories of Professor Hitchcock, of Massachusetts, whose announcement a quarter of a century earlier astonished the scientific world. About the year 1836 attention was directed to numerous imprints of a trifid character which appeared upon the sandstone of the Connecticut River Valley. They were thought to resemble the foot-prints of gigantic birds. Dr. Deane, of Greenfield, communicated the fact to Professor Hitchcock, president of Amherst College, who immediately set about working out the subject in a scientific manner. The first account was published in 1836 in *Silliman's Journal.* The tracks were observed to be tridactylous, or three-toed, but in many instances there were signs of an imprint of a fourth toe, directed backward. At this time no bird, living or fossil, was known that could produce so large an impression or foot-print, the ostrich being the nearest approach thereto. Similar foot-prints have since been found in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania, where extensive quarrying has been done in argillaceous sandstones.

The largest and finest specimens occurred at Turner's Falls, Massachusetts. In some instances several hundred foot-prints were observed in a small space, representing several species, and the whole surface was pitted by rain-drops. The largest impressions are fifteen inches in length and ten in width, exclusive of the hind claw, which is two inches long. In a consecutive series which was observed on larger slabs, where five or six prints were formed, the stride was found to be from four to five feet.

In the absence of any other relics, no bones having at this time been found, naturalists were shy of receiving these facts as bearing upon the former existence of birds of gigantic proportions. The matter is now made entirely clear by the discovery of the moas, though they are at the "other end of the world." Without attempting to explain why there should be no relics of bones in the sandstone region of Massachusetts, we may remark that the great caverns, wherever they are found, are usually the repositories of such objects, certain conditions favoring their preservation, while in the New England States there are no natural catacombs or caves. The geological changes in our part of the world, too, probably have had much to do with the complete dispersion of such forms.

There were found, besides the foot-prints of birds, of which thirty-two species were enumerated, those of twelve species of quadrupeds, the latter being mostly of reptiles.

In some instances the impression showed distinctly the marks natural to the skin of the under side of the foot; and further proof of their bird character was furnished in the droppings or excrement, called, when fossil, *coprolites*, which was analyzed by Professor Dana, and found to contain the proportion of uric acid and other constituents which characterize guano.

The first information concerning the discovery of the moas of New Zealand came to the hands of science about the year 1839. Mr. Mantell, F.R.S., of England, communicated an account of some specimens of bones which were obtained by his son, who was residing in Wellington, New Zealand. The Maoris, or natives, were acquainted with the occurrence of these bones long before the settlement by Europeans. Traditions were rife among them that the moas had served their ancestors for food, and stories were told of the hunting excursions to procure them. They also believe that living ones still exist in remote parts of the land. They state that the birds have magnificent feathers, which the chiefs used as ornaments for their heads.

Mr. Mantell had great difficulty in securing his specimens, owing to a seeming prejudice of the native Maoris, who insisted on seizing all they could lay hands on and breaking them. He says: "Mixed with the bones, but exceedingly rare, were fragments of the egg-shells. I also found six oval rings and one broad circular ring of the trachea." Mr. Mantell continues: "From traditions and other circumstances it is supposed that the present natives of New Zealand came to these islands not more than six hundred years ago. However this may be, that the moa was alive when the first settlers came is evident from the name of this bird being mixed up with their songs and stories."

Professor Owen observes of these birds: "From the form and structure of certain characteristic parts of the skull and upper mandible it is manifest that the Dinornis can not be assigned to any known family of birds; and in referring the genus to the Struthionidæ (the ostrich-like birds), little more is implied than a feeble development of the wings, and large and powerful hinder limbs for progression on dry land." He concludes by placing them in a new and distinct family of the order *Grallæ*, or stilt birds.

Like the ostrich, the moas are nearly wingless. The body of some large specimen of moa, with its enormous pelvis and solid thighs, resembles that of a mastodon or some huge mammal in its great proportions and ponderous aspect.

Some of the smaller species somewhat resemble the bustard, and others have characters like the curious apteryx or wingless bird, ki-wi, of that region.

The American Museum is now rich in the possession of the best specimens of several of the extinct birds of various portions of the world. Besides the five species of gigantic moas, it has the great auk and egg, the egg and bones of Epiornis of Madagascar, and the sternum, head, and long bones of the dodo from Mauritius.

The species of moa are thus enumerated: *Dinornis maximus*, Glenmark, height nine feet seven and a half inches, represented in cut as Fig. 1; *Palapteryx crassus*, height four feet one inch, Figs. 2 and 3; *Palapteryx elephantopus*, height five feet two inches, Figs. 4 and 5; *Meiornis didiformis*, *M. casuarinus*, *Euryapteryx rheides*, *Dinornis gracilis*. The above are perfect skeletons, handsomely mounted, and arranged so that they may be taken apart for study or transportation. Portions of skeletons, more or less perfect, of other species are in the collection, as follows: *Dinornis ingens*, *D. struthioides*, *D. robustus*, *Aptornis didiformis*, and *Harpagornis moorei*. The whole collection comprises thirteen species. With these are bones of the young, the tracheal rings, stones taken from the region of the stomach, several diseased bones, etc.

"WHERE THE LEMONS GROW."

The night of the grand Charity Ball. Charlie Horton leaned against a partition in the supper-room. Prudence perched upon one shoulder and said, "Let her alone." Inclination got up on the other, and whispered, "But I love her." Prudence said, "Don't be a fool." Inclination replies, "She's awfully sweet." Prudence insists, "It's her first season. Don't ruin her prospects. If you marry her, you'll both starve to death." Inclination suggests, "If you don't marry her, some other fellow will. How'll you like that?" Prudence calls out, "Don't be selfish." Inclination whispers, "But I think she loves you."

Here the soft throbbing notes of Strauss's last and most exquisite inspiration came pulsing through the open doorway from the grand *salon* where the dancers were. Inclination fitted his song right into the rhythm of the music, three notes to a bar, "She loves you, she loves you, she loves you," up and down the scale, twisting in and out, always the same refrain following the low sweet notes. Prudence kept at his side of the argument, shrieking hoarsely, out of time and out of tune, "Don't be a fool, don't be a fool, don't be a fool." Now loud, now low, now wild, now sweet, came the soft passionate sound of the distant music. Strauss had settled the question: Prudence was a nuisance. Charlie Horton knocked the top off of a bottle of Champagne, and drowned him then, there, and forever. He expired without a struggle, and Inclination clapped her hands in triumph over his defeat. Then she took possession of Charlie, danced in his eyes, curled his lips into smiles, and led him straight into the ball-room.

Little Allie Rivers's first ball. Oh, what a fairy-land! The great Academy is a blaze of light from floor to ceiling. The walls are bright with gilding and glowing with color. Thousands of yards of bunting are draped in fantastic devices around the great abyss that is usually the stage. The musicians are playing in a grove of verdant loveliness, where the spruce and the pine trees of the North grow side by side with the leafy children of the tropics. The air is heavy with the perfume of flowers, and hot as the breath of summer. The floor is an ever-changing kaleidoscope of graceful, moving, varying forms. All is light and warmth and color. Little Allie Rivers is sitting quietly in a box, watching the throng of beautiful women and brave men as they glide before her. The gas-light glimmers on silks and satins, gold and jewels, and Allie thinks there was never such a delightful institution contrived by men or angels as the Charity Ball.

"Isn't it glorious, mamma?" says little Allie.

Mamma smothers a yawn, and wishes she were in bed. Some day, when the histories of all the martyrs are compiled, let not the sufferings of chaperons be without their record. Still Allie's mamma is comparatively happy to-night. Things appear to be moving in the right direction. Allie is well dressed, looking particularly charming, and bids fair to be a great success. Mamma has received a great many compliments in reference to her lovely daughter to-night; and Solomon Yellowstone, of Wall Street renown, is at this moment gazing across the house with such an expression of admiration at little Allie that mamma really can not be blamed if her prophetic mind does occupy itself with the question whether, in case any thing should happen, it would be best to have the wedding-cards printed in script or Old English.

Solomon Yellowstone is suspected of having laid the foundation for his present fortune in a corner grocery in the Bowery; but we live under a republic. Solomon can deck Allie's fair shoulders with a necklace as beautiful as that which the Khedive has presented to Mrs. Fitch, and consequently when mamma sees him dig his elbows into the ribs of one of America's greatest statesmen and tread on the toes of a poet, as he makes his way across the auditorium to their box, she reflects that politics and poetry do not pay, and smiles sweet acquiescence when Solomon offers his arm to little Allie for a promenade.

They join the throng, and mamma gazes complacently after them. She is not nearly so anxious to go to bed now as she was. She is contented to watch Allie's little figure as it glides across the ball-room, and to fancy what the feelings of her dearest friend in the next box must be. Her neighbor is the mother of four candidates for the holy estate of matrimony, all in their sixth season. Ah, well, would there be any sweetness in success if there were no one to envy us?

Allie is standing under a blaze of gas jets wrought into a curious device, and spelling out the word Charity. She is smiling now, explaining to Solomon that she thinks a great ball is such a charming way of being benevolent. "It gives the poor people such lots of money, and makes every body so happy!" Then Allie smiles again, Solomon smiles, and mamma, from her distant past of observation, smiles too.

It was just at this moment that the promenade band subsided into silence with a flourish of trumpets, and low, sweet, and soft floated out from amidst the green foliage grouped in a distant part of the great hall that wonderful waltz, "Where the Lemons grow."

It was just at this moment that Inclination routed Prudence, and brought Charlie Horton out of the supper-room. Very soon he descried a little figure standing in the centre of the ball-room. What a sweet little fairy it was, standing there with clouds of illusion soft as moonlight clinging around it like a white mist; with white lilies resting on its bosom, clinging to its skirts, and nestling in its hair. Then Charlie looked at Solomon, lean and shrunken, yellow and blear-eyed.

"The beast!" muttered Charlie, to an audience of soft silky brown mustache.

"The puppy!" growled Solomon, in confidence, to his grizzled beard.

"May I have the pleasure?" and Charlie bent low before the little divinity with the white lilies in her hair. Then Solomon scowled, Charlie scowled back again, and mamma, from her watch-tower, scowled also.

Then Solomon thought to himself, "He's nobody; clerk down town somewhere—a thousand a year at the outside. Girl's no fool—mother ain't if she is;" and Solomon's countenance cleared off again. Allie put a single one of Jouvin's best seven-buttoned No. 6's into Charlie's two-buttoned No. 8, and Charlie's brow resumed its usual smoothness. Mamma thought to herself, "I have great confidence in Charles; I knew his mother, and I believe he is a young man to be trusted. Besides, he knows his position." Then the muscles of mamma's countenance relaxed, and she settled down placidly to await the termination of that waltz. She knew his mother, and she had great confidence in him. Poor Mamma Rivers! your premises are excellent, but your conclusions are not well drawn.

Softly throbbed the music through the fragrant, heated atmosphere in low luxurious cadences, now ringing out clear and sweet like the rippling laughter of a joyous spirit voice, now sobbing like the wail of a sorrowful soul, then bursting into rapturous triumph, wild, witching, and exquisite. Charlie closed his strong warm paw firmly upon the little fingers that laid themselves so softly in it, wound his arm round the little bundle of lace and flowers, and gathered it all up in his embrace. Then the great glowing brown eyes looked down into the blue ones beneath, and the blue ones drooped under the warmth, and hid themselves against the blackness of Charlie's dress-coat. Softly the little figure yielded to the pressure of his arm, one hand in his, the other clinging to his shoulder. Low, sweet, and sensuous pulses the music through the air. They have joined the dancers. Round and round they go: the floor vibrates beneath their flying footsteps, the gas-lights shine down upon them, the flowers fill the air with their sweet incense, and the wild intoxication of the music thrills through their senses and shines in their eyes. Charlie's head is lifted, watching each couple as he passes them, keeping watch over the little form that clings to him, so that no heedless elbows or awkward feet may touch it. He makes his way carefully through the dizzy crowd, winding in and out, now backward, now forward, now around, guiding her perfectly, guarding her safely from all danger of collision with the rapidly changing throng. Allie's eyes never move from that refuge of black broadcloth where they fled to escape the glowing brightness of the ones that looked so fondly into them; but every nerve is sensitive to the direction of the arm that guides her, and gently she yields to its slightest motion, and follows where he leads her. Their arms are round each other, their hands clasped; Charlie's warm breath plays against her cheek. They are unconscious of every thing save each other, and the music tells its rapturous story of love and ecstasy, and the white lilies give out their sweetest fragrance as they are crushed into shapelessness between the two hearts that beat so closely and passionately against each other. The lilies are sacrificed, but the enchantment is complete.

Mamma is beginning to be disturbed. Are they going to keep it up forever? Solomon has taken his place by mamma's side, and has been confiding to her his opinion of round dancing. "When I was young, ma'am—" Then he suddenly stops. When Solomon comes to think of it, he decides that it is really both unadvisable and unnecessary to draw attention to the manner in which he spent his youthful days. But mamma agrees with him. The white lilies have swung past her box once or twice in their triumphant progress round the ball-room, led by Charlie's arm, and mamma has discovered an expression in Charlie's eyes that leads her at once to the conclusion that waltzing is reprehensible and abominable. To be sure, she knew his mother, and has great confidence in him, and his income is only a thousand a year, and he knows his position. But Charlie is looking dangerously handsome to-night with that light in his eyes. He looks as if he might own the town, and mamma begins to wonder if her confidence has not been misplaced. Besides, she suddenly remembers that Allie sometimes proves herself a difficult little mortal to deal with, and altogether a change comes over the spirit of her dream. Solomon is scowling ominously; Charlie and Allie are clear across the building. If she could only catch their eye. Poor mamma! Allie has no eyes to catch. They are buried in Charlie's coat. And as for Charlie's, what good would it do? He would only smile back at you, and whisk the lace and lilies away from under your motherly nose with a heartlessness peculiar to young men toward ladies of your age.

Mamma becomes every moment more agitated. She now wonders how she ever could have tolerated Charlie Horton. In her distress she appeals to Solomon.

"Dear Mr. Yellowstone, I feel convinced that Alice is overfatiguing herself. Could I trouble you to ask Mr. Horton to bring her here for a moment?"

Solomon is delighted. "I will bring her immediately."

Will you, Solomon? Reflect for a moment. You have had the gout, and locomotion is difficult business for you, and Charlie Horton is the best dancer in the city.

Solomon begins his chase. Charlie sees him coming. Charlie's tall head bends until the long mustaches rest on the brown braids beneath them.

"Your mother has sent for you, Allie. Moneybags is after us."

"Oh, Charlie!" The little hand involuntarily clasps his, and the unfortunate lilies get another squeeze.

Charlie looks wicked, and the look he darts at Solomon is a mixture of mischief and defiance. One turn, and they are among the thickest of the crowd of dancers. Solomon is bewildered; he has lost them. Then a sudden plunge in a straight line, Charlie takes her right through the moving, revolving crowd, out under the bunting, and through a corridor. They are in the supper-room, alone amidst the strewn wrecks of the feast—demolished pyramids, half-eaten sandwiches, dripping ice-cream, and empty bottles.

"Allie?"

"Yes."

"Do you love me?"

"Oh, Charlie!"

"That's no answer. Are you going to marry Moneybags?"

"No, no, no—no! no!"

"Me?"

Allie's nose retired into Charlie's dress-coat.

There was war in the family mansion on Lexington Avenue. But Charlie led the victorious party. Moneybags was routed, papa vanquished, and mamma forced to surrender. Young America won, as it always does in this enlightened nineteenth century. When papa protested, Charlie asked him how large *his* income was when he undertook the responsibilities of matrimony. Papa yielded to logic, and took Charlie into business with him. Mamma remembered that she knew his mother. Then Allie hugged them both, and the cards were printed in Old English.

"Charlie," said Allie, a month after the wedding, "isn't Strauss lovely?"

"Yes. Bless him!"

Allie would have replied, but Charlie's demands upon her mouth made articulation impossible.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

If ever the cities of New York and Brooklyn present an uncleanly and disreputable appearance, it is during the two weeks which bound May-day. The wind never seems to blow more persistently, and clouds of dust whirl through the unswept streets. There appears to be a general understanding that no street-cleaning is to be done, and every body tosses into the thoroughfare all rubbish for which no other convenient place is found. Rolling around in the gutters are old tin cans, rejected hats, bottles, worn-out kitchen utensils, hoop-skirts, old crockery, rags, discarded boots and shoes, and similar trash. To increase the universal disorder, before every house are barrels and boxes filled with a *mélange* supposed to be claimed by the gatherers of ashes and garbage. Unfortunately, however, these functionaries make infrequent visits about May-day, and often they grow amazingly particular in regard to what they receive into their carts. Moreover, always before they appear, a score of scavengers investigate the barrels, each one pulling out, displaying, examining, and probably leaving at last on the sidewalk, sundry old articles which every householder fondly imagined were safely hidden at the very bottom of the receptacle. The sense of neatness in every person is outraged, and yet year after year the evil is unmitigated. If those who are changing their dwellings could only find private persons to remove what is commonly called rubbish from their houses, they would generally do it most gladly. But the ragman will take rags, the paper buyer receives old papers, the junkman will pay for such bottles as he wants, but will not take the gift of others. And what is to be done with nameless articles of various kinds which even garbage gatherers reject? "Broom-clean" is the civilized requisition in regard to every house vacated; but the fact is very few incomers meet with any such happy experience as that expressive phrase might indicate. The duty in regard to the *general* cleansing of houses by preoccupiers is plain, but the difficulties make many remiss. Every housewife has the undisputed privilege of making such special applications of soap, sand, and scrubbing-brush to her new premises as she may deem necessary.

There is now direct steam communication between New York and Scotland. By the new arrangement mails for Scotland will be sent *via* the Anchor Line direct to Glasgow every Saturday.

At Niagara Falls the "season" commences early, the Clifton House opening to the first May visitors. A large company of English sportsmen, with their servants and a pack of fifty or sixty hounds, are expected to visit the Falls early in May and make the Clifton House their head-quarters. Two new hotels will be built on the Canadian side this season.

Lord Shaftesbury, an English nobleman well known, was recently presented with a donkey by some of his admirers. There was no hidden or opprobrious meaning in this gift. It was bestowed on the occasion of the annual meeting of the coster-mongers connected with the Golden Lane Mission, which was preceded by a donkey show. These shows have been productive of very useful results, and some fine animals are annually exhibited. Lord Shaftesbury returned thanks for the gift with his arm round the donkey's neck, and said he would be sent into the country for his grandchildren to ride.

A Frenchman named Georges has been for many years experimenting on the preservation of fish. At length he has invented a fluid which appears to be exactly what is desired. Various kinds of fish were placed in a bath of the solution for two hours, then put in a cellar, and after six days were found in a state of perfect preservation. Both flavor and color were perfect. This invention is believed to be of great value.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, has just been named corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences, in the section of navigation and geography. He is the only sovereign who has been enrolled among the active members of this illustrious scientific body since its foundation.

One of the daughters of the Shah of Persia was recently married to Imán Jumeh, of Teheran. In the account of the ceremony the bride is spoken of as being veiled, and covered with what looked like "a waving mass of molten gold."

One of the largest maple-sugar manufacturers of Vermont lives in Wilmington. He taps 3350 trees, and his average crop of sugar is from four to six tons each spring, about one-half of which is run into diminutive cakes, while the remainder is made into molasses, which is put up in cans and hermetically sealed. His annual receipts for sugar and molasses for the past six years have reached from $1000 to $1500.

A wonderful dog story comes from Lexington, Missouri. A little boy, five years old, wandered away from home, and was sought and advertised in vain. At length, after some days, he was found in the woods apparently under the special protection of two dogs. They had made the child a bed of leaves, and knowing that he must be hungry, they had caught a rabbit for him. When found—so the story runs—the little fellow was regaling himself with raw meat.

An American sailor recently died in Guy's Hospital, London, from the effect of swallowing knives. The story is that he first swallowed fourteen knives, became sick, but recovered. Next he tried seventeen knives, which was too large a meal. Fourteen of the knives were found in his stomach, but, strange to say, partly digested, the iron parts as well as the horn handles. The stomach itself was not at all injured. He had a good appetite to the last, and his sickness and death were caused alone by the haft of a large knife becoming immovably fixed across the intestines.

The London *Lancet* says that the best method of easing a cough is to resist it with all the force of will possible until the amount of phlegm becomes so great that there is something to cough against, when it will come up with comparatively little difficulty. A great deal of hacking, hemming, and coughing in invalids is purely nervous or from the force of habit. This is shown by the frequency when the thoughts are turned to the difficulty, and the comparative rarity when the attention is engaged in other directions.

A cane used by Charles Sumner during the summer after his assault by Brooks is in the possession of the Charles Sumner Lodge of Odd-fellows, of Cleveland. It was presented to them recently by Mr. R. P. Spaulding, to whom Mr. Sumner gave it. Mr. Spaulding visited Mr. Sumner while he was in the Alleghany Mountains in search of strength, and when he left him the Senator gave him the cane, saying that he had cut and trimmed it with his own hands.

Old barrels are used to some extent instead of new ones by some mills in putting up their flour. In all cities there are those who make a business of collecting old barrels, cleaning them, and then selling them. But many of these barrels, even when cleaned, are unfit for the uses to which they are put. They have been kept in damp cellars, or corrupt animal and vegetable matter has been in contact with them, until they have become impregnated with decaying mould. Thus often flour is seriously injured.

Recent lectures on "Brain Building and Repairing," by Dr. Lambert, aroused the objection by some listeners that "brainial food" was not very palatable. The lecturer was induced in consequence to give an entertainment consisting of numerous courses of "brainial food," which were pronounced "delicious" by the guests. The following is the bill of fare:

Relish (Russian Fashion):
Toasted Crackers and Toasted Cheese.
Second Course:
Oysters on Half-shell and Cold Cabbage.
Third Course:
Sardines.
Fourth Course:
Cod-fish and Cream.
Fifth Course:
Oyster-Salad.
Sixth Course:
Stewed Tripe and Green Pease.
Seventh Course:
Calves' Brains on Toast.
Bread:
Graham, French Rolls, Oat, Graham Meal Crackers, and Milk Biscuit.
Dessert:
Oat Groats and Cream.
Pancakes:
Oat, Buckwheat, and Graham Meal.
Boiled Custard.
Fruit: Drinks:
Apples and Oranges. Coffee, Buttermilk.

In a paper recently read before an association of dentists it was shown that healthy blood contains a small percentage of bone-making matter, from which the teeth draw their support. In the modern economy, which rejects the phosphate portion of food, the teeth are starved. In countries where fish, oatmeal, and coarse wheat meal are largely used people generally are blessed with good teeth. Growing children should be encouraged to eat bone-making food.

A genius thus defines the difference between men and women: "A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five-cent thing he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a forty-cent thing she does not want."

Eight mummies, taken from a cave on one of the Aleutian Islands, have recently been received by the National Museum in the Smithsonian Institution.

An exchange observes that the celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Michael Angelo would have been a proper occasion to give him the correct orthography of his name, and it goes on to say that he was christened Michel Agnolo Buonaroti, and he should so be called, and not Michael nor Michel Angelo, as the English do, in imitation of the French, who persist in writing his name Michel Ange.

The Empress of Japan has decided to have a college established for young girls who wish to devote themselves to teaching, and has made large contributions for the purpose from her private purse.

Thus runs the tale: Somewhere about the year 1780 a traveling mill-wright, weary and foot-sore, and with the broadest of Northern Doric accent, stopped at a factory in England and asked for work. His aspect indicated beggary, and the proprietor, Mr. Boulton, had bidden him seek some other workshop, when, as the man was turning sorrowfully away, he suddenly called him back, saying,

"What kind of hat's yon ye have on your head, my man?"

"It's just timmer, Sir," replied the man.

"Timmer, my man!" ejaculated the manufacturer. "Just let me look at it. Where on earth did you get it?"

"I just turned it in the lathe," said the mechanic, with a flush of pride.

"But it's oval, not round, my man," said Mr. Boulton, in surprise; "and lathes turn things round."

"A-weel! I just gar'd the lathe gang anither gait to please me; and I'd a long journey before me, and I thocht I'd have a hat to keep out water; and I had na muckle to spare, so I just made ane."

By his inborn ingenuity the man had invented the oval lathe, and made his hat with it, and the hat very soon led to making his fortune, so mysteriously do trifles work out great ends. The fact was, Mr. Boulton was a man of sharp penetration, and not one at all likely, in those days when good men were scarce, to lose sight of so valuable a helper when he found him; and so the after-famous William Murdoch took suit and service under Boulton & Watt, and in 1784 made the first wheeled vehicle impelled by steam in England—ay, made it with the very hands and brain that had before produced the "timmer" hat.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday,	16.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday,	30.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	19.—German Reformed Synod (triennial), Fort Wayne, Indiana. General Conference Methodist Church, Princeton, Illinois.
Thursday,	20.—Presbyterian General Assemblies—Northern, Cleveland; Southern, St. Louis.
Tuesday,	25.—Baptist Anniversaries, Philadelphia.
Wednesday,	26.—General Synod Lutheran Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. International Young Men's Christian Association, Richmond, Virginia.

JUNE.

Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Friday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Peter.

The delusion which prompts the prediction of the exact date of the second coming of Christ seems to be ineradicable. A number of Adventists in Chicago had persuaded themselves that on the 19th of April the end of the world would take place. Some of them disposed of their property for little or nothing. Their expectation of the great catastrophe was intensified by "the appeararance at dusk on the 19th of a portentous black cloud arising rather suddenly from the west, blended with a yellowish light." About 180 persons gathered in a room to watch for the coming event. As the night wore on they sank into deep disappointment, and when the morning came, dispersed. Another party at Searsport, in Maine, spent the night of the 19th of April in the same way. Thirteen of them had prepared themselves by baptism the preceding week; the ordinance was administered by dipping them through holes in the ice. Another sect of Adventists in New Hampshire had fixed on the 30th of April as the last day of the world. A year and a half ago another band spent the month of October on Shelter Island, at the head of Long Island Sound, waiting to hear the "last trump." Cold and hunger finally dispersed them.

The *Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia, reports that the whole number of Presbyteries voting for the rotary eldership is 81, against 29. The number necessary to make the change a part of the constitution of the Church is 88. The change is likely, therefore, to be effected.

Of the ecclesiastical war in Germany the following are the recent facts: On the 6th of April the "State Subsidy Withdrawal Bill" was read a third time in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet and passed. It was expected to go to the Upper House on the 15th of the month. In view of its probable passage the advance payments of the state to the Church have been made monthly of late instead of quarterly. Another priest—the third—in Posen has accepted a living at the hands of the civil administration. He is, of course, excommunicated. Another cathedral dignitary has been arrested in the same diocese for refusing to divulge the name of the secret apostolic legate. Legal proceedings have been begun against the Prince-Bishop of Breslau. It is said that he will take up his residence at Troppau, just within the borders of Austria. This would indicate a purpose to rule the Prussian part of his diocese from Austrian territory. The outcome of the meeting of the bishops at Fulda is an address to the Emperor protesting against the withdrawal of state subsidies from the Church unless administrators of dioceses and priests shall first pledge themselves to obey the state laws. The bishops say that they can not give such a pledge without violating their consciences. They also contend that the grants from the state are of legal obligation by virtue of contracts made with the Church. They therefore ask the Emperor to withhold his sanction from the new law when it shall have passed the Diet. The reply of the Emperor, through the Minister of State, is very curt. The minister says: "In fulfilling the imperial instructions we can not avoid expressing our astonishment and regret at the fact that ecclesiastics of such high position as the right reverend bishops could make themselves the vehicle of an assertion that it would be in Prussia a denial of the Christian faith to promise obedience to such laws which in other German and foreign states have been obeyed for centuries, and are still most readily obeyed by the Catholic clergy and their ecclesiastical superiors, and unconditional obedience to which continues to be sworn there by the Catholic clergy by a sacred oath." The bishops are reminded that some of their own number predicted in 1870 all the consequences that have followed the Vatican decrees, and are told plainly that if they had been true to their convictions they would have saved the father-land from the troubles of which they now complain.

A new "Burials Bill" has been introduced into the English Parliament. It aims to secure to non-conformists the right to conduct their own services in the parish grave-yards. The most important section is the following: "At any burial under this act all persons shall have free access to the church-yard or grave-yard in which the same shall take place; and any person or persons who shall be thereunto invited, or be authorized by the person or persons having the charge of or being responsible for such burial, may conduct a service or take part in any religious act thereat." The disturbances which have recently occurred in burial services have scandalized all England. Many Churchmen are agreed that sound policy demands the granting of liberal concessions in this direction to non-conformists.

On Tuesday, April 27, the ceremony of bestowing the berretta, or scarlet cap, on Cardinal M'Closkey was performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral. A crowded audience filled all the available space within the walls, while many hundreds of persons stood outside the building. The papal brief of appointment was read; then followed the brief to Archbishop Bailey, of Baltimore, authorizing him to confer the berretta, then the address of the latter to the cardinal, and the cardinal's acknowledgment. Both the archbishop and the cardinal protested their devotion to the government of the United States and the loyalty of the Catholic people.

Bishop G. T. Bedell has written to the Standing Committee of his diocese that he is still in poor health, and can not return home before October. He still suffers from the effects of the accident which befell him at Jaffa.

The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury re-assembled April 13. The report of the Rubrics Committee was presented to the Lower House. It recommends a note to the rubrics giving sanction to the eastward or southward position, at the discretion of the minister, provided that "he turn himself to the people," and declaring that no approval is intended of "any doctrine other than is set forth elsewhere in the Prayer-book and Articles of the Church of England." As to the ornaments, "it is also proposed to add an explanatory note—first, declaring the surplice with hood and stole or scarf a sufficient vesture for the minister in celebrating the Holy Communion and in all ministrations, but giving him the option to use gown and hood in preaching; and secondly, enacting that the other vestures named in the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. shall not be newly brought into use in any church other than a cathedral or collegiate church without the consent of the bishop."

The third anniversary of the Italian Bible Society, which was held in Rome March 16, was a memorable event for Italy. Signor Mazzarella, a deputy to the Parliament, presided. Among the speakers was Father Gavazzi. The secretary announced that during the year 1874 the first edition of the Bible in Italian ever printed in Rome had been issued. It is of the size known as the "Family Bible," and will be sold for the moderate sum of twelve lire ($2 40).

For the first time in English history a ship of war has been launched with the accompaniment of prayer from a Church dignitary. The vessel was the *Alexandra*, named after the greatly beloved Princess of Wales. It was arranged that this lady should herself, by moving a small lever, start the great iron-clad on its way to the water. The Archbishop of Canterbury offered the prayer, which is to be embodied in the ritual of the Church. It is in these words:

> "O Thou that sittest above the water-floods, and stillest the raging of the sea, accept, we beseech Thee, the supplications of Thy servants for all who in this ship, now and hereafter, shall commit their lives unto the perils of the deep. In all their ways enable them truly and godly to serve Thee, and by their Christian lives to set forth Thy glory throughout the earth. Watch over them in their going forth and in their coming in, that no evil befall them, nor mischief come nigh to hurt their souls. And so through the waves of this troublesome world, and through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, bring them of Thy mercy to the sure haven of Thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The General Synod of the Disestablished Church of Ireland began its annual meeting in Dublin, April 6, in the "Synod House." This edifice, which is described as very complete, is a gift to the Church from Mr. Henry Roe, Jun. It was accepted with hearty expressions of thanks to the giver. Its money value is said to be £27,000. Mr. Roe also announced that he would soon complete the restoration of the cathedral, on which he has expended over £100,000.

The "representative body" reported to the Synod that the money which the Church has now invested in securities amounts to £5,835,920, which yielded for 1874–75 an income of £257,462. The voluntary contributions nearly equaled this sum, having been £257,021. The total assets of the Irish Church in December, 1874, were £7,062,696. The Prayer-book revision question came up immediately upon the opening of the Synod's proceedings. Fourteen bills in relation to it have been prepared by the committee appointed last year. Two bills, substituting a new title-page and preface, and altering the lectionary and calendar, passed to a second reading; a third bill, striking out the damnatory clause of the Athanasian Creed, was declared carried. A vote by orders was then called for. It was subsequently read and passed a second time, and its final passage is now considered certain. A motion to explain the word priest wherever it occurs in the Prayer-book by the word presbyter was rejected after a warm debate.

The Rev. Thomas A. Jaggar was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Southern Ohio, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, April 28. Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, the senior member of the House of Bishops, was the consecrator.

The failure of the Emperor of Germany to meet the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy at Venice has given rise to much political speculation. It was announced that the Crown Prince of Germany would represent the Emperor at the interview of the sovereigns, but his trip to Venice was also given up. The reports of the press of Europe on the disposition made by the Emperor and the King of the religious question are very conflicting. It is clear that Germany wishes it to be treated as international, and aims to effect a European combination against the papacy. On the other hand, Austria and Italy prefer that each government should deal separately with the Pope and his policy. The Paris *Union* reports that a letter was written by the Pope to the Patriarch of Venice instructing him as to the subjects which he should bring to the attention of the Austrian Emperor.

> "The letter calls upon the Patriarch to draw the attention of his Majesty to the aggravation of the position of the Holy See in consequence of the very hostile attitude of the Prussian cabinet, and to point out that the situation of the Pope and the Church would become more and more intolerable if such unreasonable demands did not encounter greater resistance on the part of foreign powers. The letter dwells upon the fact that the Catholic powers would end by losing all their influence, and become subject to the German government, which endeavored to exercise absolute dominion. The Patriarch was, moreover, asked to urge upon the notice of the Emperor the insincerity of Prussia's friendship, her programme being to unite the whole German nationality under one sceptre."

How much truth there may be in this report there are no means at present of knowing.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A lumberman in Michigan, being poorly provided with materials of sustenance for his men, fed them with pork cooked with the rind upon it. A young man of the company, not liking that outer portion of the food, was observed by the host to be carefully removing the outside covering, whereupon the latter said, "Young man, we eat rind and all here." To which the youth replied, "All right, old man; I'm cutting it off for you."

AN IRISH NATIONAL-SCHOOL LESSON.

Master. "Spell 'Patriotism.'"
Scholar. "P-a-t, Pat; r-i-o-t, riot; i-s-m, ism."
Master. "Now spake it together."
Scholar. "Pat-riot-ism."
Master. "Ah, then, it's the good boy you are entirely."

No man can tell another's feelings. A stalwart Irish laborer was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said laborer. The laborer had enforced his plea with, "Yer hanner, I can't work." "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's thrue for ye," replied Pat; "but then yer hanner can't tell how lazy I feel."

A lady who asked her lover if he would like to see the lambs feed was surprised to hear him say he had rather see her eye brows(e).

"SUCH IS LIFE."

Old Time first covers our heads with hair,
Afterward quietly mows them bare;
First cuts our teeth with a mighty fuss,
Anon takes care that our teeth "cut" us;
First manufactures us nimble legs,
And then converts them to "stiff old pegs."
Coming to earth with squalls and tears,
Pleasure beguiled a few brief years,
Harassed thereafter by care and doubt,
Fighting for much we might do without,
Hoping and trusting for bliss to come,
So, in amazement, we reach the tomb.

Proverbial Philosophy.—There is no place like home. Fallacious. If your home be in a row of houses, it is probable that the homes of your neighbors will be very like yours.

An Indian and a white man were passing along a street, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who was standing in the doorway, said, "Ugh! him great man—big brave—take heap scalps!"

A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling ten-pins, "I think, miss, that you would have made a capital baker." "Indeed, Sir! Why?" "Because you make such excellent rolls."

What parts of the body are the most useful to carpenters?—The nails.

When Sheridan was asked at an amateur play which performer he liked best, he replied, "The prompter; for I saw less and heard more of him than of any one else."

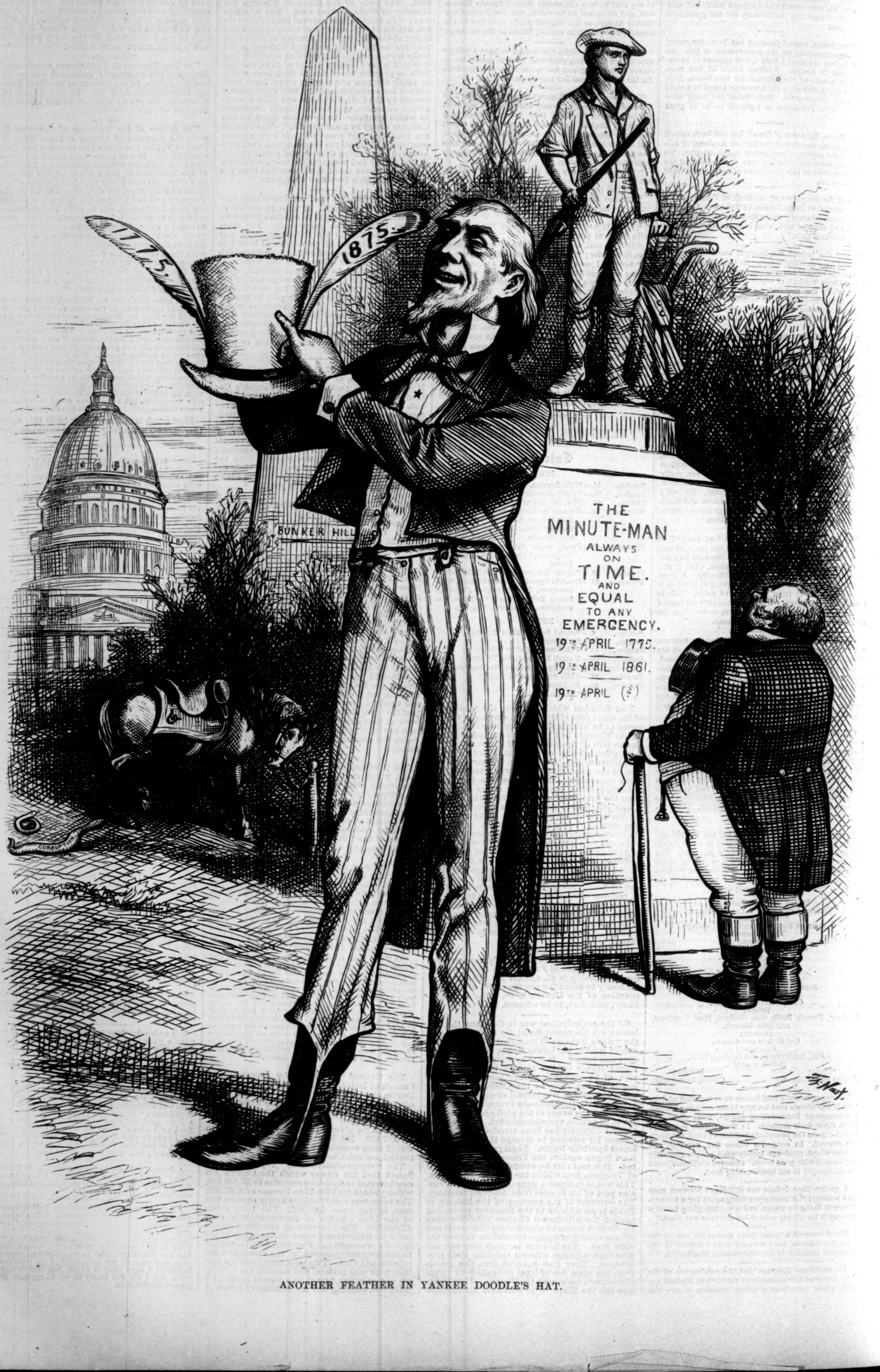
It is a pleasant thing to see roses and lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face break out in blossoms.

When does a fine sentence assume a lady's name?—When it is mis-construed.

The indefiniteness of most recipes is capitally illustrated by a rule given by an excellent negress cook, who was celebrated for making delicious corn-bread. Says Dinah: "Why, darlin', sometimes gen'ally I takes a little meal, an' sometimes gen'ally I takes a little flou', an' I kine o' mixes 'em up with some hot water, an' I puts in eggs enough an' a little salt, an' then I bakes it jest 'bout 'nough. An' you do so, jess so, honey, an' you'll make it as good as I do."

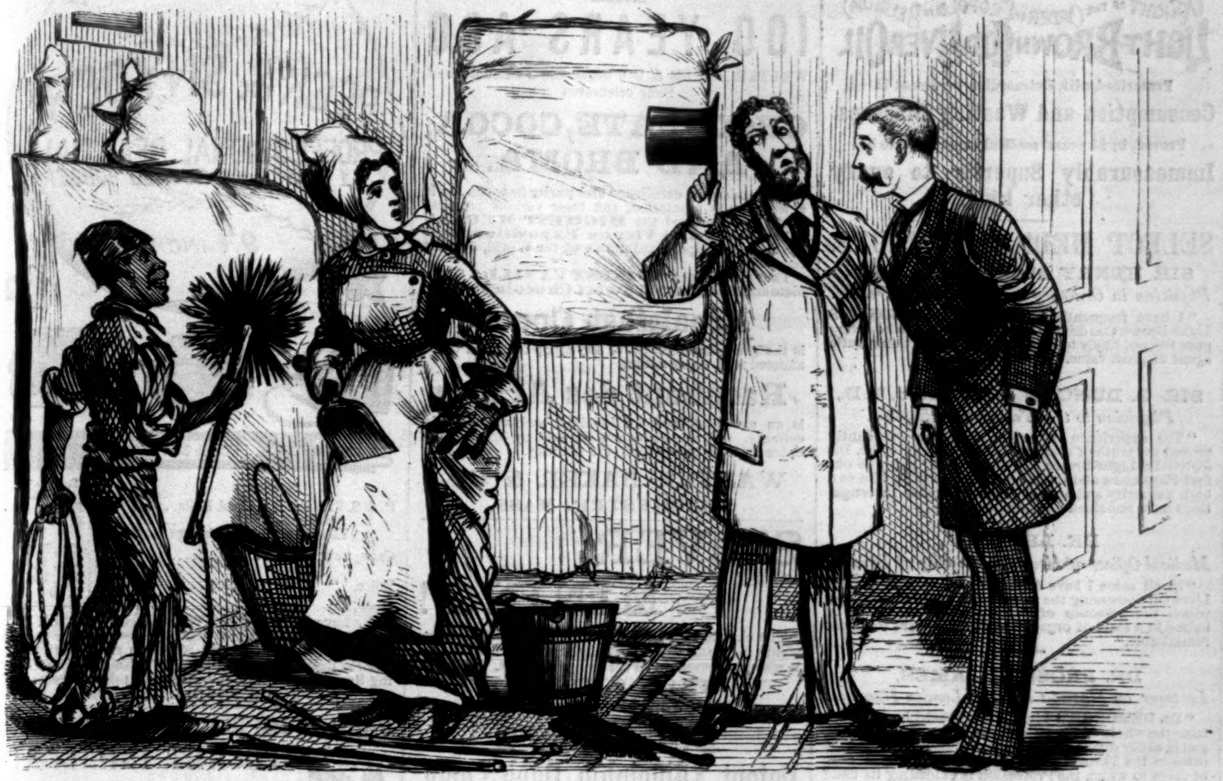
A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

A railroad engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated. "You were dismissed," said the superintendent, austerely, "for letting your train come twice into collision." "The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask to be restored." "How so?" "Why, Sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied: I have tried it twice, Sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained his situation.


1775.
1875.
BUNKER HILL
THE MINUTE-MAN ALWAYS ON TIME. AND EQUAL TO ANY EMERGENCY.
19th APRIL 1775.
19th APRIL 1861.
19th APRIL (?)
CORRUPTION
Th. Nast

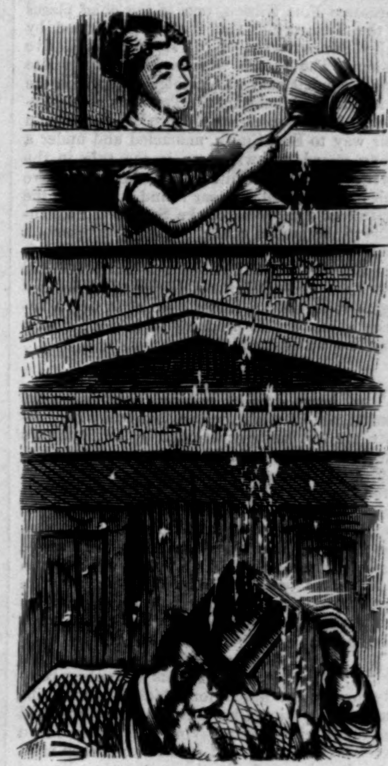
ANOTHER FEATHER IN YANKEE DOODLE'S HAT.

SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING.

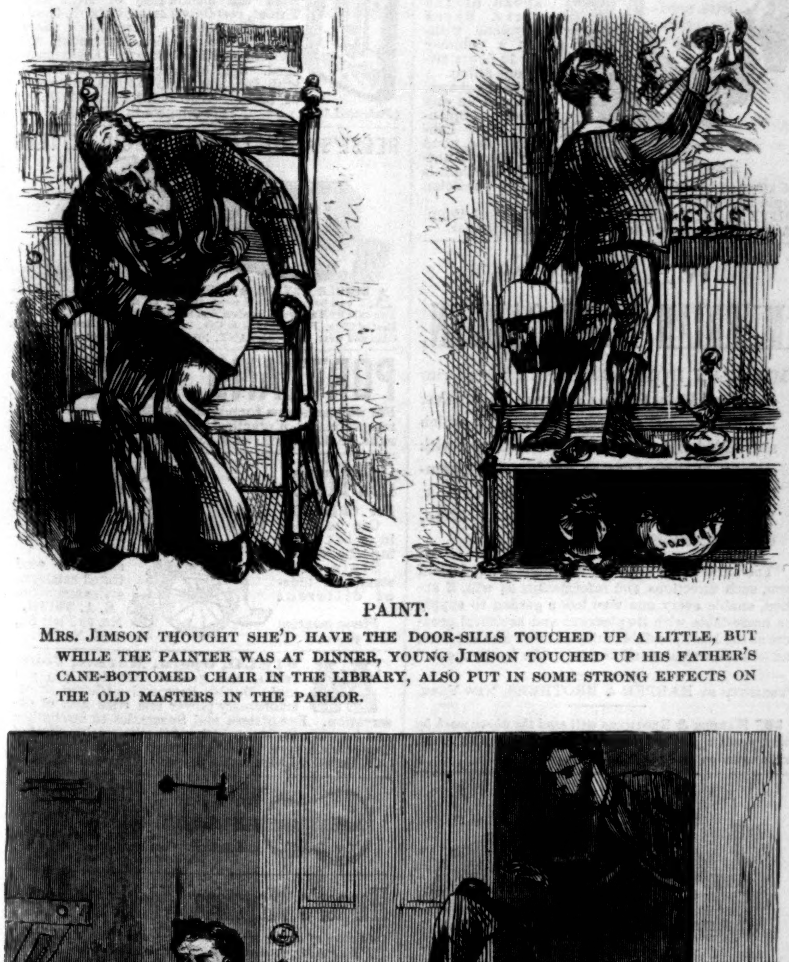


AN UNSOOTABLE TIME TO DINE.

Mr. Jimson invites a friend to dinner. Unfortunately Mrs. J. selected that day to have her dining-room chimney swept, and as neither told the other of their respective plans, there was quite an unpleasantness.

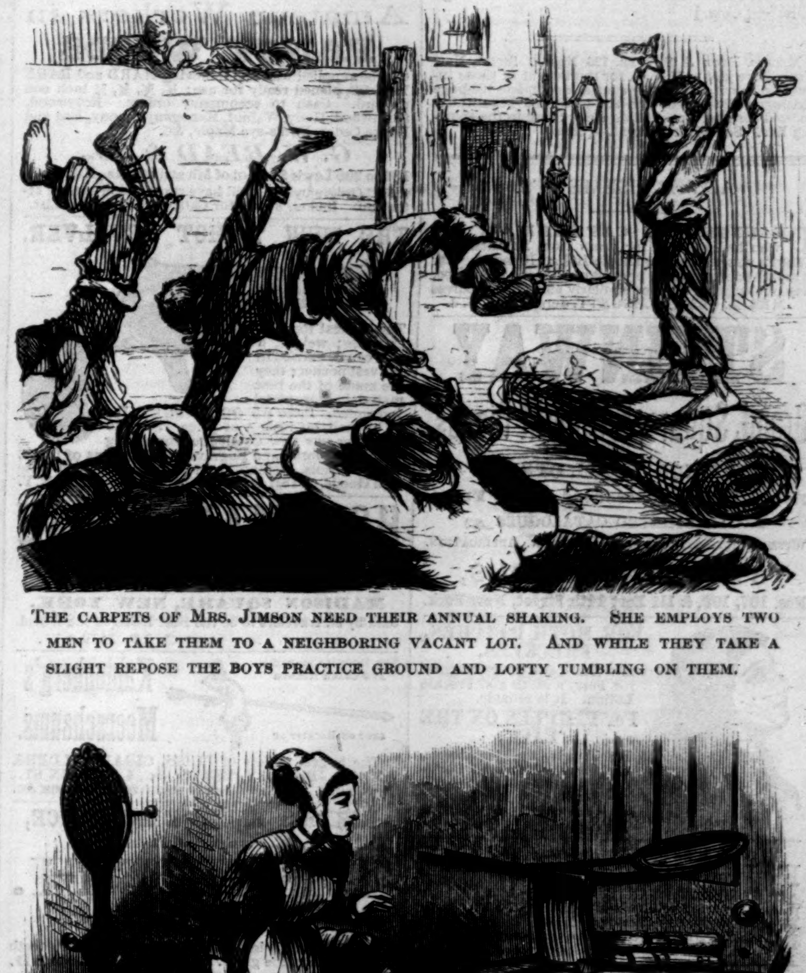


Mrs. Jimson washed windows the first day Mr. J. bought his new spring hat.

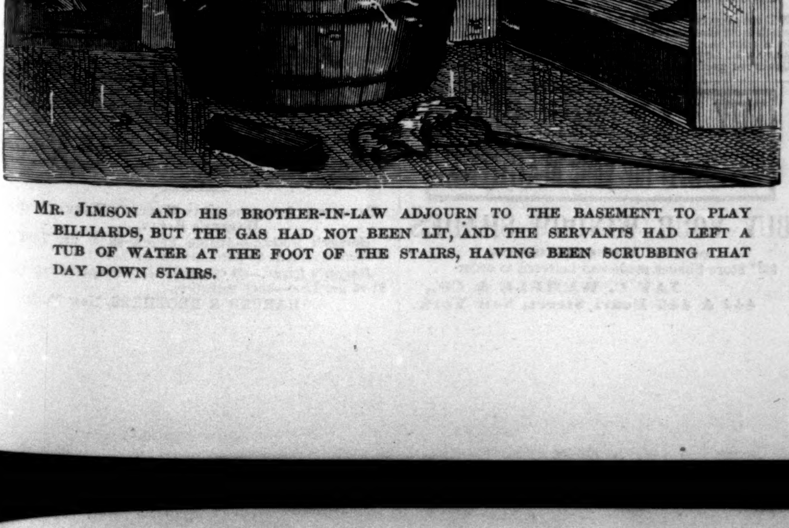


PAINT.

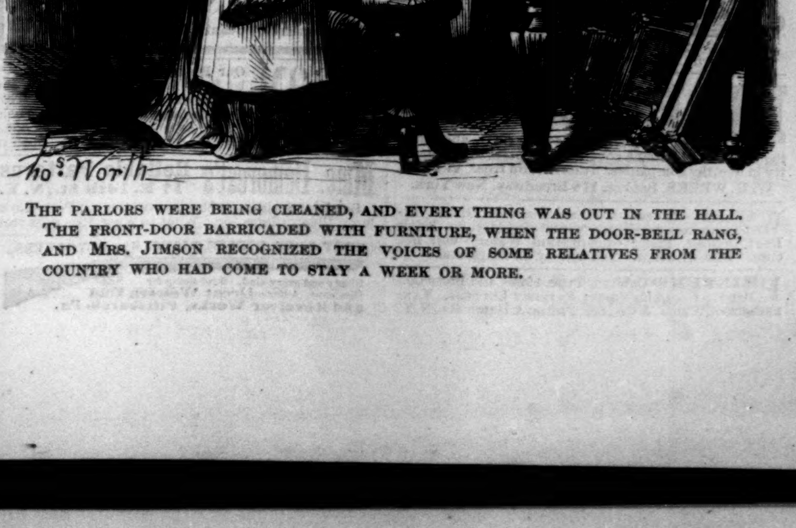
Mrs. Jimson thought she'd have the door-sills touched up a little, but while the painter was at dinner, young Jimson touched up his father's cane-bottomed chair in the library, also put in some strong effects on the old masters in the parlor.



The carpets of Mrs. Jimson need their annual shaking. She employs two men to take them to a neighboring vacant lot. And while they take a slight repose the boys practice ground and lofty tumbling on them.



Mr. Jimson and his brother-in-law adjourn to the basement to play billiards, but the gas had not been lit, and the servants had left a tub of water at the foot of the stairs, having been scrubbing that day down stairs.



The parlors were being cleaned, and every thing was out in the hall. The front-door barricaded with furniture, when the door-bell rang, and Mrs. Jimson recognized the voices of some relatives from the country who had come to stay a week or more.

IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

ON page 396 we give a series of interesting sketches recently made in the Indian Territory by Messrs. FRENZENY and TAVERNIER. No. 1 represents Fort Gibson, one of the chief places in the Territory. The fort is garrisoned by United States troops. No. 2 shows a Legislative session. The sketch was made during a late annual council held at Ocmulgee, to which the various tribes inhabiting the Territory send delegates. No. 3 represents a batch of prisoners on their way to Fort Smith, manacled and under a strong guard. Lawlessness is the rule in the Territory, and the United States Marshals have their hands full all the year round. No. 4 is the portrait of a delegate of the Sacs and Fox Indians to the annual council. No. 5 represents a small farm-house belonging to a Cherokee family. No. 6 is a group showing a half-breed and Cherokee and Delaware Indians. The last sketch represents a trader's store, to which Indians bring various products to barter for merchandise, whisky, and tobacco.

THE huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills, constructed of crude, coarse, and bulky ingredients, are fast being superseded by Dr. PIERCE'S Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic, or *multum in parvo* physic. Modern chemical science enables Dr. PIERCE to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active medicinal principles, which, when worked into little pellets or granules, *scarcely larger than mustard seed*, renders each little pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palatable and pleasant in effect.

Dr. IRA A. THAYER, of Baconsburg, Ohio, writes: "I regard your Pellets as the best remedy for the conditions for which you prescribe them of any thing I have ever used, so mild and certain in effect, and leaving the bowels in an excellent condition. It seems to me they must take the place of all other cathartic pills and medicines."

LYON & MACOMBER, druggists, Vermilion, D. T., say: "We think they are going to sell like hot cakes as soon as people get acquainted with them and will spoil the pill trade, as those that have used them like them much better than large pills."—[*Com.*]

MESSRS. PECK & SNYDER, 126 Nassau Street, New York, have just published, for the benefit of those interested in out and indoor sports, a complete 100-page catalogue, illustrated with 250 plain and beautifully-colored designs, representing every thing in the sporting line. See advertisement.—[*Com.*]

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STRONG POT PLANTS, sent safely by mail, post-paid. Five Splendid Varieties, $1 00; 12 do., $2 00. Elegant Descriptive Catalogue FREE.
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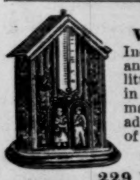

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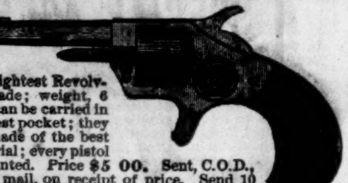

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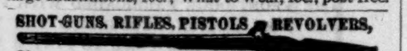

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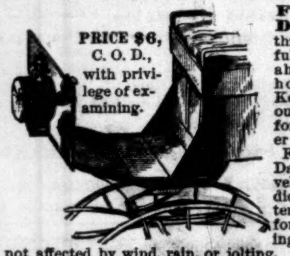

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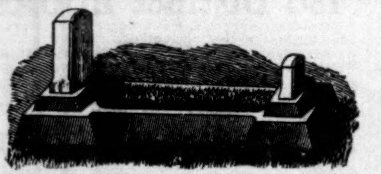

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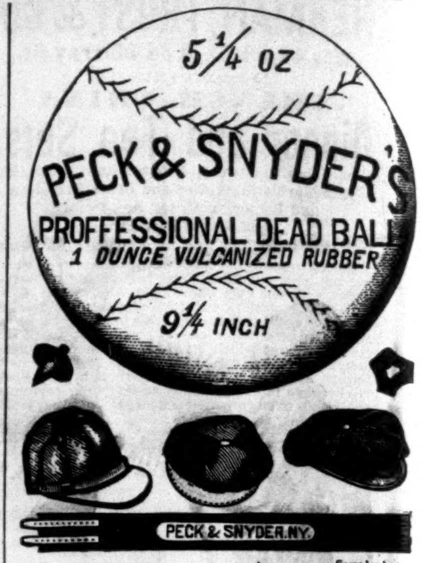

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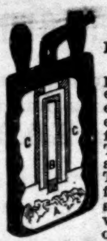

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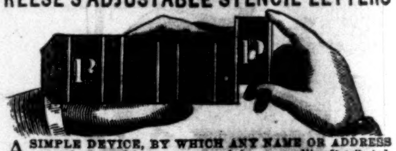

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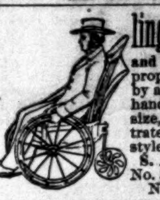

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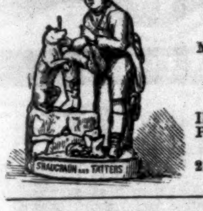

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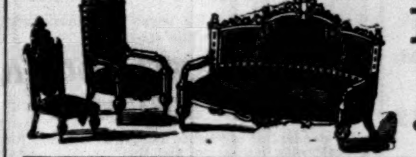

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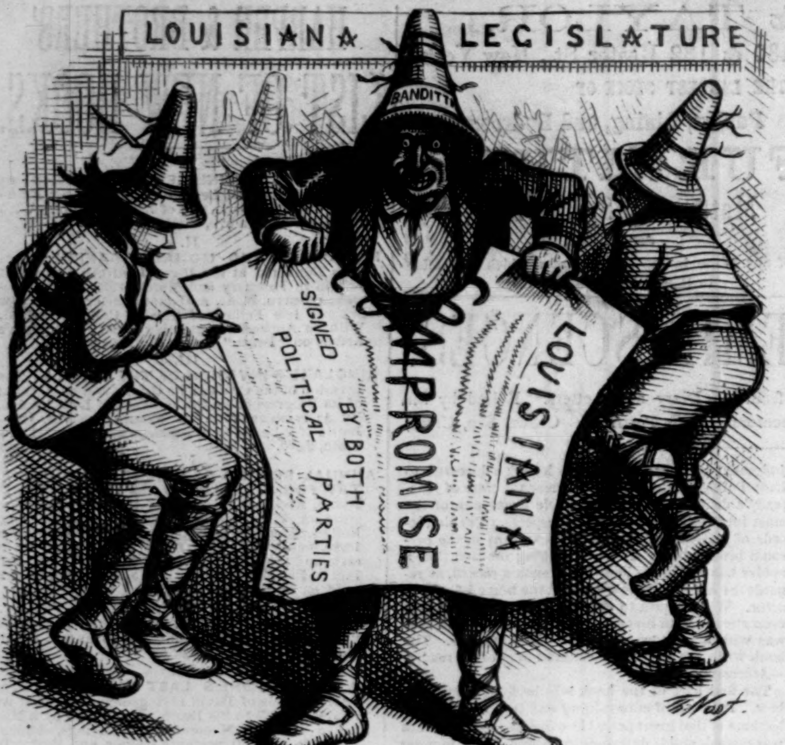

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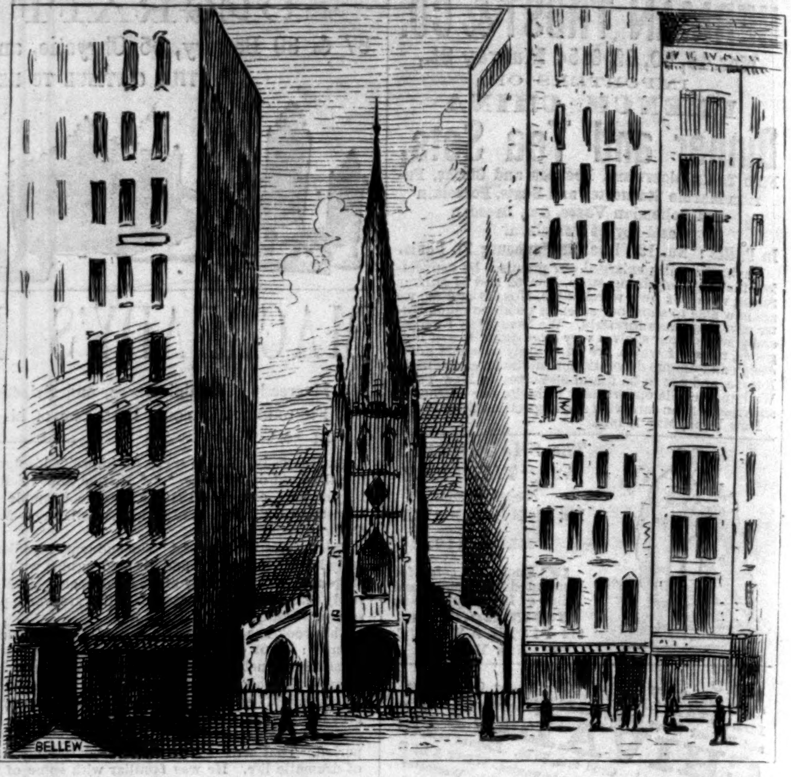

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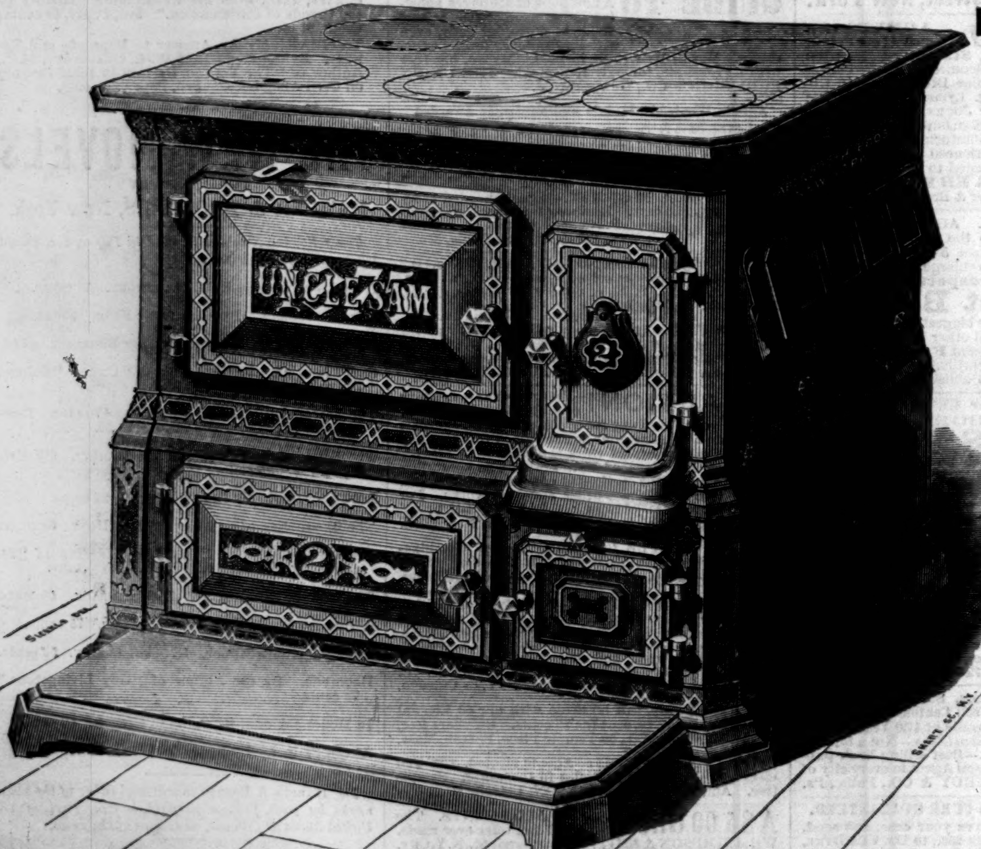


The New 'Uncle Sam,' 1875,
WITH WARMING CLOSET.

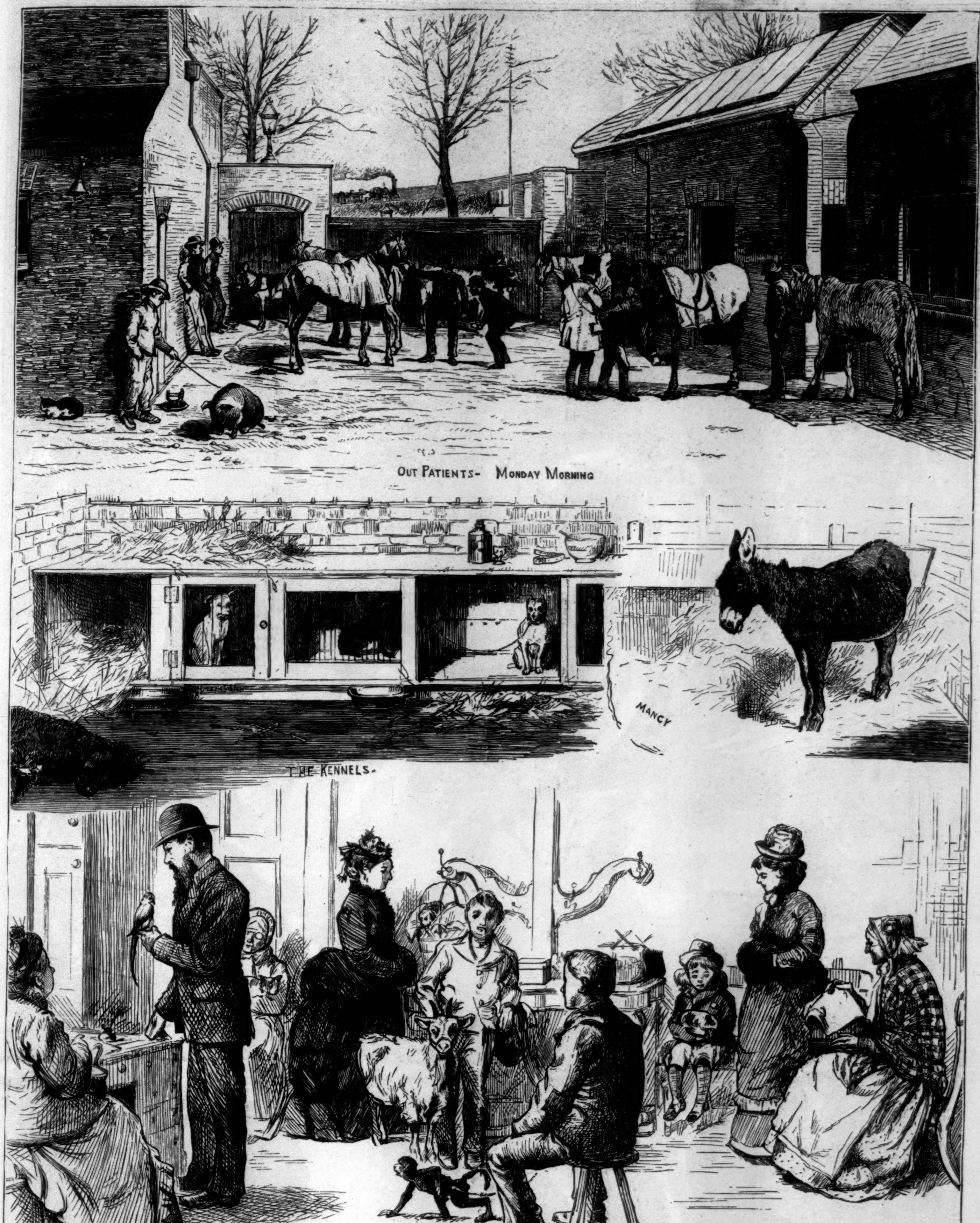
No. 1, 6-inch Holes; oven 14 inches Square. No. 2, 7-inch Holes; oven 16 inches Square. No. 3, 8-inch Holes; oven 18 inches Square.

In making this Range particular care has been taken to have it comprise all the modern improvements. We have also introduced some new and valuable inventions, which must make it one of the most popular Ranges ever offered to the trade. The castings are of superior finish, and for beauty of design can not be surpassed.

Among its many points of merit we may mention the following, viz.:

Illuminated Fire Box, Clinker Clearing, Shaking and Dumping Grate; *Sliding Grate* between the Fire Grate and Ash Pit, intended to free the cinders from ashes. *Large Oven,* with flues so arranged as to secure equal heat on all sides. *Smoke Collar,* for either perpendicular or horizontal pipe. *Spacious Hot Closet,* for warming dishes and articles of food. *Cast-Iron Shelf,* for plates. *Doors lined* with tin reflectors. *Grate can be replaced* without disturbing the brick. *Nickel-plated Knobs, &c., &c.*

Manufactured by ABENDROTH BROTHERS, Iron Founders and Manufacturers of STOVES SUITABLE FOR ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, Plumbers' Ironware, &c., &c. Salesrooms 109 & 111 Beekman St., and 282 Pearl St., New York.



HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

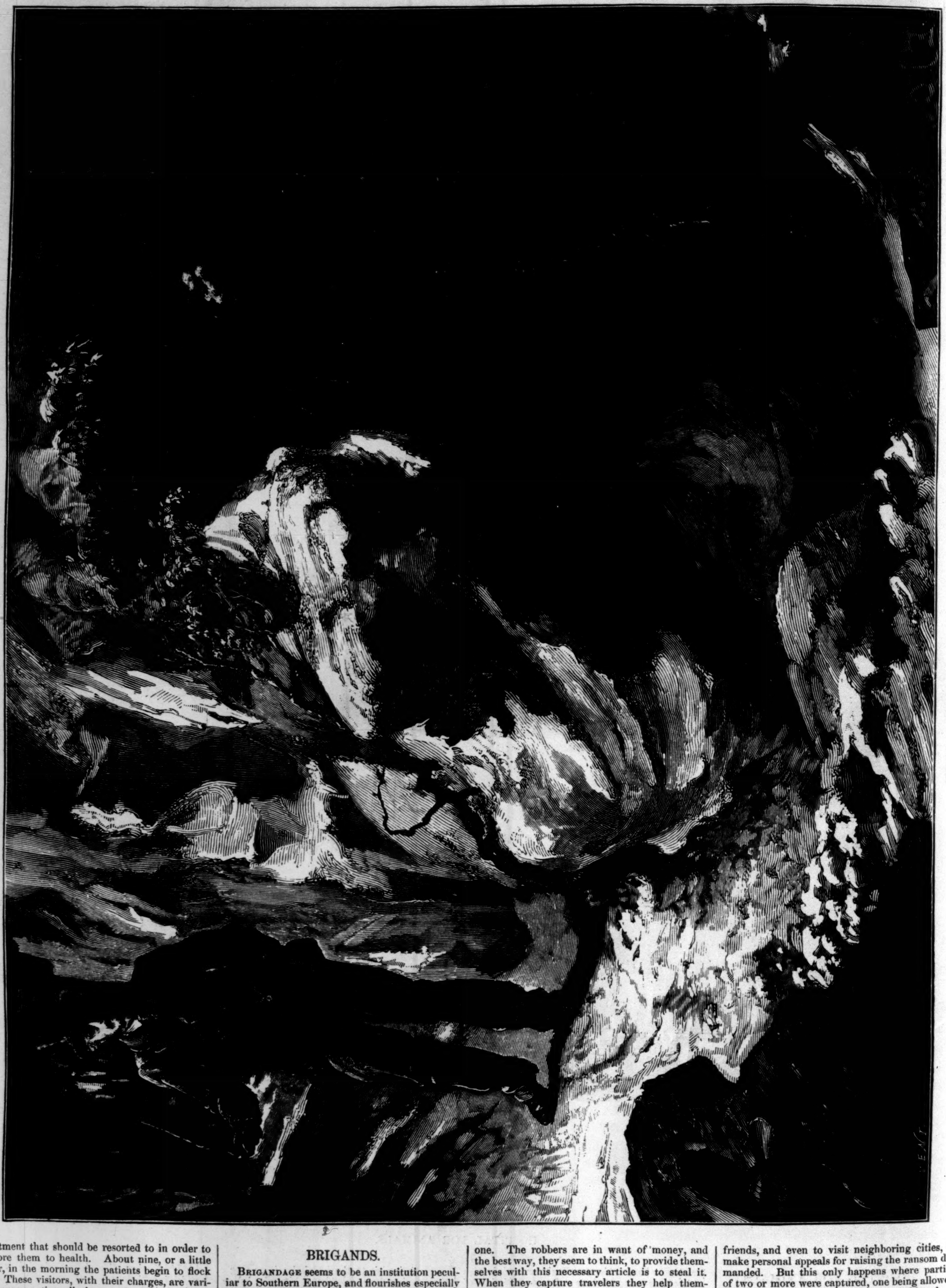
The world is becoming so humane and considerate toward the sufferings and afflictions of animals that our illustrations, representing a London hospital where four-legged invalids are cared for, will doubtless awaken the interest of many of our readers, particularly the younger ones.

The first picture shows the stable-yard, where horses suffering from all the different ills that the equine portion of the animal kingdom are subject to receive the careful and attentive care of a skillful veterinary surgeon. Familiar with the peculiarities of all horse diseases, he endeavors to alleviate as far as possible the sufferings of these faithful servants of mankind. With his assistants he goes about among them, and through his efforts many of these unfortunate victims of diseases that render them useless to their owners become once more valuable members of society.

The kennels are also an interesting feature of the institution. Dogs of all sizes and descriptions, from the royal hunter to the unfortunate mangy cur who has won a place in somebody's affections in spite of his ugliness, are sent here to have their ailments treated. Dogs, like human beings, are sometimes the victims of cancerous tumors, the only remedy for which is the skillful use of the surgeon's knife. If sent to the hospital, they are placed under the influence of an anæsthetic, and the operation is performed, and often very successfully. On the occasion of our artist's visit to the hospital a large dog of the sporting genus was shown him who had undergone an operation of this kind, and through its means been restored to his usual health. The large black retriever in the corner of the drawing was the victim of a railway accident. He had carelessly ventured upon the track near the Waterloo station, and been run over by an engine. The railway company immediately sent him to the hospital to have his injuries attended to. The kennel at the left contained a poor little invalid, whom our artist missed on his second visit, and, upon inquiry, was informed that he had succumbed to the destroyer, and his remains consigned to the keeping of mother earth. While under treatment these little sufferers receive the kindest nursing. They have a splendid airy place, which is well cleaned every morning, and live like princes, if there be any such among canines.

The donkey represented in our engraving was suffering from a case of mange. He belonged to some poor coster-monger, whose business was sadly interfered with by his faithful donkey's illness, which was brought on by overwork and insufficient food. If the accounts we heard of his former style of living were correct, it is more than probable that the donkey found reason to regret that he was not always an invalid.

In one department of the hospital is the consulting-room, where the patients are brought by their anxious owners to receive a medical opinion in regard to their ailments and the course of



SICILIAN BRIGANDS—LYING IN WAIT FOR A VICTIM.

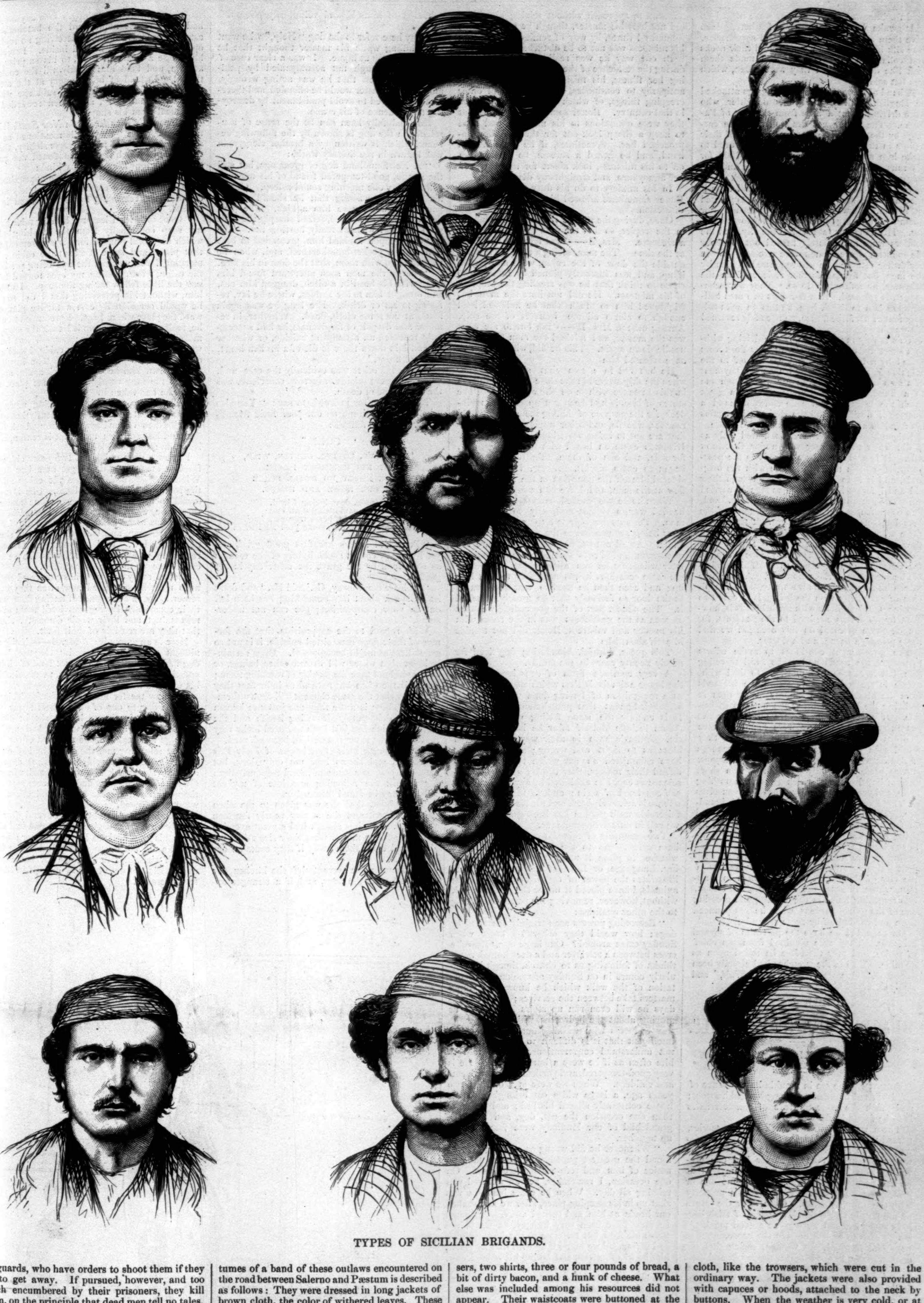
treatment that should be resorted to in order to restore them to health. About nine, or a little after, in the morning the patients begin to flock in. These visitors, with their charges, are various, representing all classes of society. In the left-hand corner the head surgeon is considering the case of an afflicted parrot. It may be that Polly has taken cold, and her hideous voice has become even more unmusical than usual through hoarseness. Her mistress appears to be enumerating her symptoms. The case can not be so very serious, as Polly seems to be able to keep an upright position on the surgeon's finger. The other patients include a sick goat, a monkey, and a guinea-pig. Advice is given gratis, but medicine is charged for at a cost price for ingredients.

BRIGANDS.

Brigandage seems to be an institution peculiar to Southern Europe, and flourishes especially in Italy, where traveling is rendered unsafe by the murderous bands of robbers who infest the mountainous districts. The habits and characteristics of these freebooters are not without interest when looked at from a distance, though a close acquaintance with them is to be avoided if possible. Around Naples and Salerno they are so numerous that travelers, and also the inhabitants of these cities themselves, are in constant dread of the robbers, and scarcely dare venture beyond the gates of the city without an armed escort.

The main object of brigandage is a financial one. The robbers are in want of money, and the best way, they seem to think, to provide themselves with this necessary article is to steal it. When they capture travelers they help themselves to money, watches, and jewels, and any thing else that may be of value. But that is not all; they take the captives into the mountains and hold them for something more, and they are careful to insist upon having as much as they can possibly get. If the victim is a nobleman or some wealthy aristocrat, they think it will be worth about £10,000 to release him, but if he is an ordinary mortal, with no influential friends, one or two hundred pounds will be sufficient. In several instances prisoners have been kept three or four months by the brigands, and while negotiations were pending they have been allowed to see their friends, and even to visit neighboring cities, to make personal appeals for raising the ransom demanded. But this only happens where parties of two or more were captured, one being allowed to go away at a time, and the rest held as hostages. Sometimes when the ransom is not forthcoming at a reasonable time, the brigands cut off the ear of a victim and send it to his friends, with the intimation that the other ear will come soon unless matters are hurried up. This usually has the desired effect.

The brigands generally treat their prisoners well and civilly. They look upon them as lawful prisoners of war to be exchanged for money. Sometimes they parole them not to attempt to escape, and allow them to do what they please, and at others they put them in charge of watch-



TYPES OF SICILIAN BRIGANDS.

ful guards, who have orders to shoot them if they try to get away. If pursued, however, and too much encumbered by their prisoners, they kill them, on the principle that dead men tell no tales.

The appearance of the brigands is rather picturesque. Their leaders are often tolerably well-educated men, and they sometimes make their demands upon a party of unfortunate travelers, whom they propose to rob, in terms of the most ceremonious politeness. Their courtesy, however, does not make the object they have in view any less disagreeable to their victims. The costumes of a band of these outlaws encountered on the road between Salerno and Pæstum is described as follows: They were dressed in long jackets of brown cloth, the color of withered leaves. These were provided with immense pockets, of a circular shape, on both sides, and others on the breast. Besides, there was a slit on each side of the jacket that gave entrance to two more large pockets commodious enough to hold any thing in the shape of garment. One of the brigands in searching for a missing article drew out of these different receptacles for plunder a pair of trowsers, two shirts, three or four pounds of bread, a bit of dirty bacon, and a hunk of cheese. What else was included among his resources did not appear. Their waistcoats were buttoned at the side, with gilt buttons down the centre for ornament; the larger ones were stamped with dogs' heads, birds, etc. There were two large circular pockets at the lower part of the waistcoat, in which were kept spare cartridges, balls, gunpowder, and knives. Two smaller ones higher up held a watch on one side and percussion-caps on the other. This garment was of dark blue cloth, like the trowsers, which were cut in the ordinary way. The jackets were also provided with capuces or hoods, attached to the neck by buttons. When the weather is very cold, or at night, they are drawn over the head. A belt about three inches deep, divided by two partitions to hold about fifty cartridges, completed the costume. Most of them had revolvers kept either in belts or in the left-hand pockets of their jackets. They were secured by a silk cord passed around their necks and fastened to a ring in the butt of the pistol. Some few had stilettos, only